

# The Sketch

No. 1005.—Vol. LXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1912.

SIXPENCE.

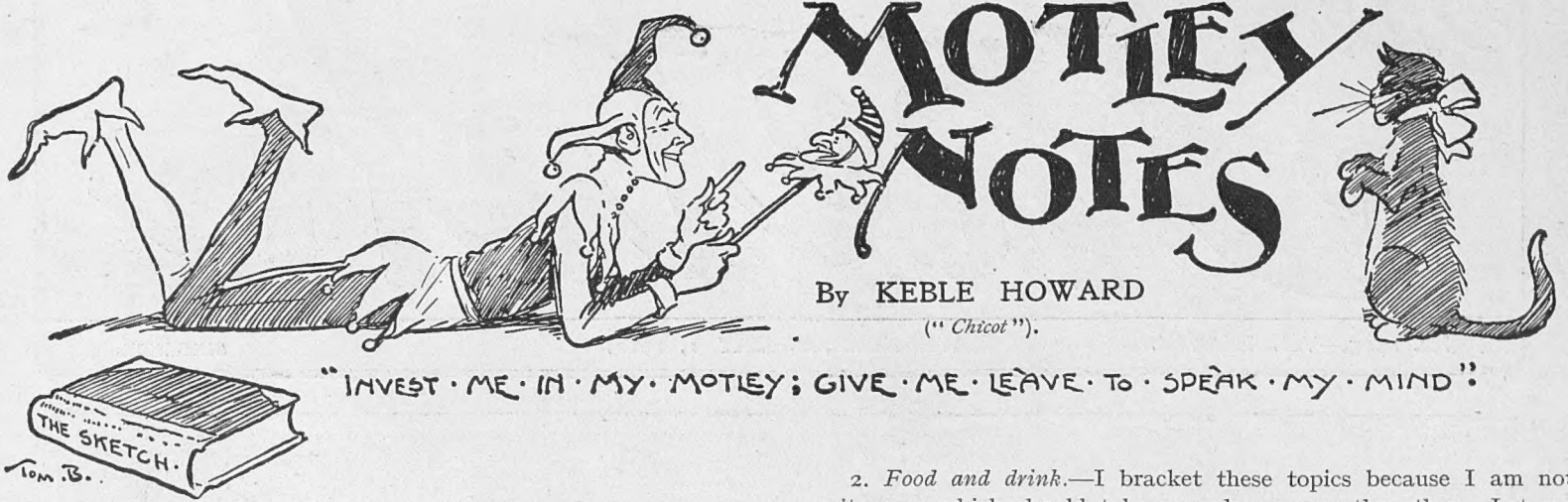


1. PREPARING TO BLOW UP BONNOT'S REFUGE: LIEUTENANT FONTAN AND OTHERS ADVANCING TOWARDS THE GARAGE BEHIND A HAY-WAGON, TO PLACE DYNAMITE-CARTRIDGE AND FUSE.

2. BONNOT BESIEGED: REPUBLICAN GUARDS, DETECTIVES, AND OTHERS ENTRENCHED TO FIRE AT THE MOTOR BANDIT AT BAY, IN THE GARAGE AT CHOISY-LE-ROI.

## SIDNEY STREETISM IN FRANCE: THE SIEGE OF THE GARAGE HELD BY THE MOTOR BANDIT, BONNOT.

There has just been a "Sidney Street siege" in France. Bonnot, the motor bandit, was found in a garage on the outskirts of Choisy-le-Roi, near Paris, and was besieged for nearly five hours by 400 Republican Guards, cyclist and foot police, civilians with shot-guns and air-guns, and practically the whole of the detective brigade of Paris and the Provincial Investigation Department. A request for artillery was sent to Vincennes, but the guns did not arrive in time. There were also many photographers and cinematographers. Eventually, it was decided to blow up the garage. The use of dynamite-cartridge and fuse brought down part of the building. Then five pounds of explosives, in a tin box, were fired, and half of the house fell. Lieutenant Fontan, M. Guichard, head of the Paris detective corps, and M. Paul Guichard then entered the house. There was a shot; and a moment later Bonnot, riddled with bullets and dying, was brought out. The bandit died twenty minutes after he had been taken to the Hôtel Dieu, the famous hospital, in Paris.—[Photographs by Rol.]



### The Printed Word.

When you are trying to form an opinion of a man or a woman, nothing is more deceptive than the printed word. I do not refer to those literary and journalistic feats known as pen-portraits; I have written pen-portraits myself, and I know that they can be both faithful and illuminating. . . . There! You could not have a better example of what I am trying to say than the last sentence. You would suppose from that sentence that I was full of admiration of my own work, whereas I am the most diffident creature that ever took up a pen, and was merely trying to lighten this note with a faint ray of humour.

You cannot judge a man by his writings; still less by his reported speeches. I am told, for example, that Mr. Shaw is a most delightful speaker; I have never had the pleasure of hearing him speak, and can only judge him as a speaker, therefore, by the printed reports of his speeches, which seem, very often, devastatingly silly. If the reporter would but describe the smile and the gesture which accompanies the silly saying, we should understand and laugh with the audience. But reporters have no time to do that.

Miss Cicely Hamilton is another public personage whose sayings and writings used to have upon me a peculiarly irritating effect. And then, one night, I saw Miss Hamilton act, and listened to her gentle voice, and revelled in her sense of humour. She will never irritate me again.

### Miss Hamilton on "Man."

All this by way of preface to a few notes on an article by Miss Hamilton in the *English Review*.

"Man" is the subject of the article—a subject to which Miss Hamilton has been kind enough to give a good deal of thought—far more, I am ashamed to say, than most men give to the subject of "Woman."

Miss Hamilton would not believe that. In common with nearly the whole of her sex, she labours under the delusion that men, when they get together, talk about nothing but women. Listen: "For, in spite of any and every assertion to the contrary, man it is, and not woman, with whom three-fourths of the current supply of gossip originates. Nay, I am inclined to think that three-fourths is an unduly moderate estimate; nine-tenths or ninety-nine-hundredths would probably be nearer the mark. Man is the collective (as opposed to the sequestered), the sociable, talkative animal; the person who cannot sit quietly at home, who is really unhappy unless he can gather in numbers and chatter. What does he do but gossip when he assembles together in clubs? What does he do but gossip when he lounges at bars with his mates?"

There is no possible way, you see, of convincing Miss Hamilton that this is the sheerest drivel. One cannot take her into one's club, because it is against the rules; one cannot ask her to accept one's word of honour that she is wrong, because she would not accept it.

### What Men Talk About.

However, if there is a chance of curing one woman of this silly superstition, the attempt ought to be made, not for the sake of men, who will not be maligned by their own sex but remain quite calm when they are maligned by women, but for the sake of that one woman. I belong to six clubs of all sorts and sizes, and I have taken the trouble to compile a little list of the things men talk about, and have placed them, as nearly as possible, in their relative positions of popularity—

1. *Health*.—"How are you?" is no mere empty form. It is a serious question, seriously put, and introduces the main topic of conversation among men who have met casually, and not for any specific purpose.

2. *Food and drink*.—I bracket these topics because I am not quite sure which should take precedence over the other. Let me make it clear, however, that, though taken together, they are never discussed together. That would be grossly inartistic.

3. *Cost of living*.—Men at least deserve credit for so much—namely, that they conceal from their womenfolk but reveal to each other the fact that they are unable to bear the brunt of modern conditions very much longer. The smiling face is kept for the home; it is the face lined with anxiety that is brought to the club.

4. *Politics*.—This topic, whatever Government may be in power, is invariably bound up with the preceding one. But it is club etiquette, thank heaven, never to argue about politics. Condemnation is the thing.

5. *The Arts*.—Perhaps I am placing this topic rather too high on the list, because three of my clubs are artistic and literary clubs, but even in the others there is a good working knowledge of the musical comedies.

6. *Sport*.—This includes horse-racing, golf, billiards, cricket, football, and so on. It does not include cards, because the card-players, in all clubs, always sit in a special room set aside for them. If you get to the club very early, you may see them go in, and if you stay very late, you may see them come out. Whatever else happens in the card-room, I am sure that women are never discussed, the four queens always excepted.

7. *Tobacco*.—I forgot this topic, which should have come much higher on the list—say, just after "Food and drink." "If you want a really good cigar" may be heard at almost any moment in any club. It may preface a generous act or mere information—usually the latter.

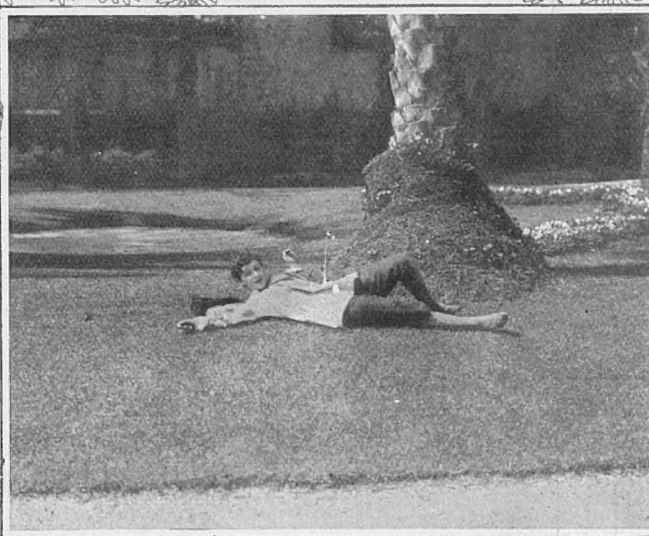
8. *Hotels*.—Most men can tell you, offhand, the best hotel and the worst hotel in England, and they are always ready to tell you. My own best and worst are quite close to each other in a city in the north of England. "Never in my life" is the introductory phrase.

9. *Women*.—You see how fair I am! I will not rule out this topic altogether, because it is more than likely that the waiters have something to say to each other about "the wife." I am not sure, any more than Miss Hamilton can be sure, but I admit the possibility.

**Man's One Talent.** Miss Hamilton, at any rate, allows man to have one talent—the talent for making himself comfortable. "Woman, left to herself, and without his guiding hand, would have been but a comfortless creature; a creature content to put up with shortcomings in the matter of food and surroundings; content to take her meals anyhow and anywhere, and made of anything that happened to be handy. As a class, and with few exceptions, you cannot induce her to approach her repasts with the reverent and critical appreciation characteristic of the trousered. [Rather an ugly expression, Miss Hamilton.] Save in rare instances, she does not dine; she eats. And what woman can cook as a man cooks—with inspiration and magnificence? Yet, heaven knows, she has had opportunity enough to equal his achievements in the culinary line; and if she has not equalled them it is because her heart was never in the job."

This is a terrible confession to come from an avowed champion of women! "Her heart was never in the job" of preparing the man's food—the fuel upon which the machine that drives the household vehicle depends! In too many cases, unfortunately, Miss Hamilton is right. The woman does *not* put her heart into the job of preparing food, with the pitiful result that the man has to go to the public-house for the sustenance that he should have received at his own table. More men are driven to drink, and more homes are thereby ruined, by badly cooked food than by vice or self-indulgence.

## NATURE AND THE ARTIST: A SONGSTER IN A CANNES GARDEN.

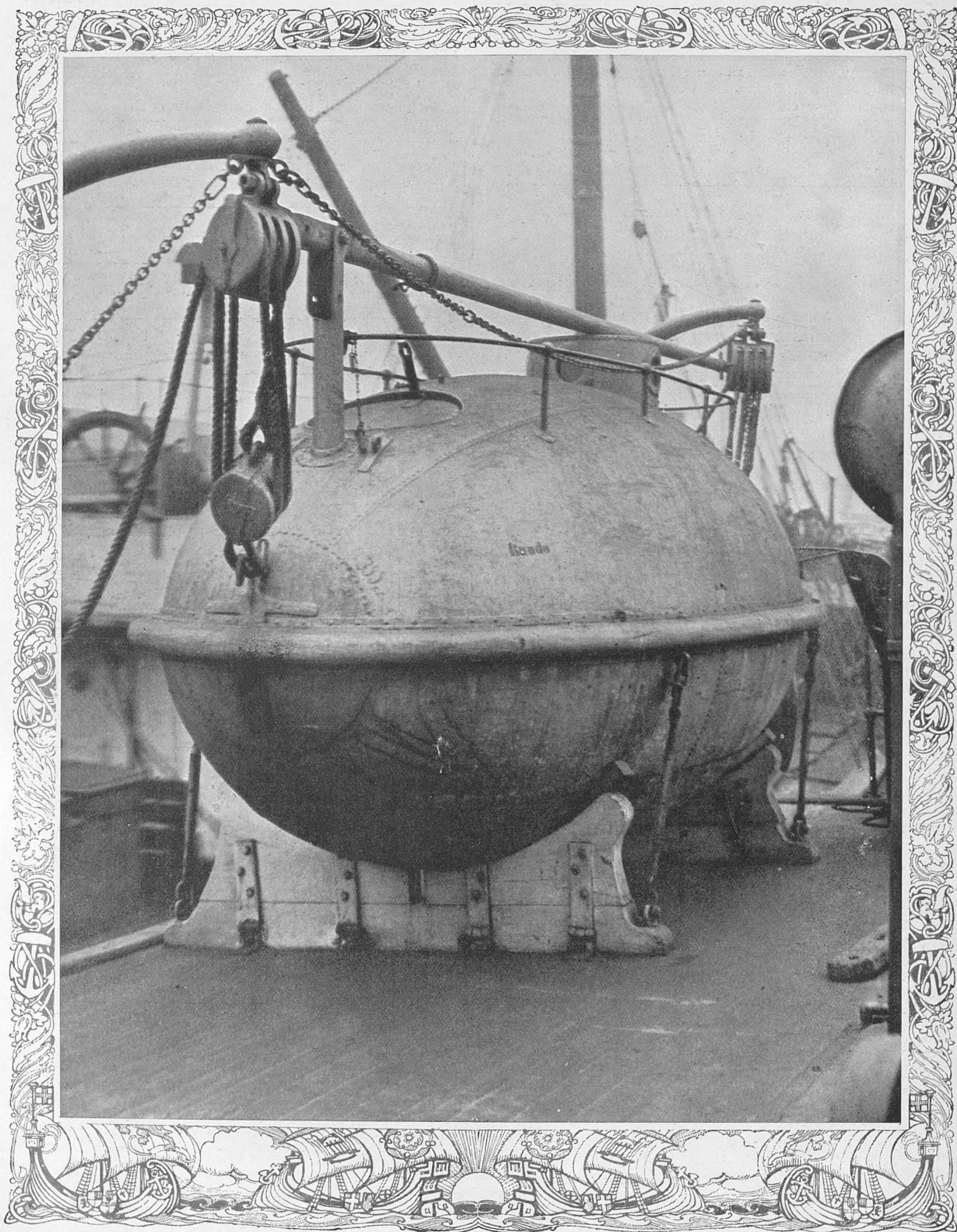


SNAPPED AS HANSEL: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE, THE FAMOUS OPERA-SINGER, WHO IS MAKING  
HER FIRST MUSIC-HALL APPEARANCES.

Miss Maggie Teyte, the charming young operatic soprano, who arranged to begin a series of appearances at the Alhambra on Monday last, and thus be seen for the first time on the music-hall stage, has risen to stardom in her profession in a very short time. After having sung with great success at the Opéra Comique, in Paris, she made her début in this country at about the end of 1909. In the following year she was adding to her laurels during the Beecham Grand Opera season at Covent Garden, and signed a three-years' contract to appear in opera in New York and Chicago during the spring and winter seasons of 1911, 1912, and 1913.

*Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.*

WOULD THIS SUIT THE "OLYMPIC" CREW? A NON-COLLAPSIBLE.



VERY LIKE A SUBMARINE: A LIFEBOAT OF A NOVEL FORM, WHICH IS ACTUALLY IN USE  
AND CAN BE STEERED FROM INSIDE OR OUTSIDE.

It will be noted that this life-boat, the invention of a young Norwegian, bears striking resemblance to a submarine craft. It can be steered from inside or outside. The ballast-tanks are filled with fresh water, which may be used for drinking. The boat has sails and a collapsible mast. The latter is seen, lying horizontally, amidships, across the conning-tower. Should the sea be too rough for the craft to be launched from davits, the idea is that passengers should be embarked, the hatches fastened down, and the lashings undone. Then, it is asserted, if the ship sinks, the life-boat may go down with it, but will certainly rise to the surface again. The photograph shows one of the craft fitted on the "Rundo," at Hull.—[Photograph by Oakes.]

## THE DYNAMITED BANDIT: BONNOT, AND TWO OF HIS VICTIMS.



1. DESTROYED AT LAST: BONNOT, "THE PHANTOM CHAUFFEUR."

3. BONNOT'S ESCAPE AT IVRY: THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH HE MADE HIS WAY AND THE TRACK HE FOLLOWED.

5. DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED BY BONNOT: M. COLMAR.

2. THE MOTOR BANDIT AND MURDERER OF M. JOUIN: BONNOT.

4. AFTER THE TRAGEDY: REMOVING THE BODY OF M. JOUIN, DEPUTY CHIEF OF THE CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT.

6. KILLED BY BONNOT: M. JOUIN.

Bonnot, called the "Phantom Chauffeur," and declared one of the chiefs of the motor bandits who have been terrorising Paris and its environs for some months, shot and killed M. Jouin, deputy chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, the other day, in a room above a little shop at Petit Ivry, a south-eastern suburb of the French capital. At the same time, Detective Inspector Colmar was seriously wounded. The two detectives, with whom was Detective Inspector Robert, entered the shop seeking news of Bonnot and Garnier. The three mentioned went upstairs, leaving assistants below. Jouin and Colmar opened a bedroom door and went in. There were a scuffle, a sound of blows, and the noise of falling bodies. Robert dashed into the room, to find three men fighting on the floor. A moment later, four shots were fired. M. Jouin was killed; M. Colmar badly wounded; a third man lay still, and Robert believed him dead also. Thereupon, Robert helped Colmar downstairs. When he returned he found but one body, that of M. Jouin; the unknown man had disappeared. It was Bonnot, who, feigning death, had escaped through a window. On Sunday he was tracked by the police to Choisy-le-Roi, and, with a man named Dubois, was there besieged in a garage, which was eventually dynamited. Dubois was found dead inside. Bonnot died twenty minutes after he had been taken to hospital.—[Photographs by Rol and Branger.]

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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE French company at the Little Theatre did not make a  
 very brilliant start. The two pieces chosen, "La Casaque"  
 and "Un Soir," do not say very much to an English audience,  
 though there is plenty of talk, indeed a little too much, in the  
 latter. The more or less Molière play is a rather cruel farce, out of  
 date in idea of humour. "Un Soir" has a tale concerning a young  
 man, his fiancée, and his prospective mother-in-law, with a rather  
 unsatisfactory ending. Its main idea as drama is to show that  
 the modern French maiden has a will of her own—and exercises it  
 foolishly. For in accepting without his wish the young man  
 reluctantly abandoned by her stepmother the girl made a deplorable  
 choice. The company gave a respectable performance, but of far  
 from extraordinary merit. However, the programme is to have  
 many changes, and other players are to appear during the season.

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### Tea-Drinkers in Rome.

Of all the conquerors that have come to Rome no one has gained such a complete victory as tea has won in the Italian capital. Twenty years ago, the British and American tourists who came to Rome were catered for in the matter of tea in a rather shamefaced manner in the strangers' quarter near the Piazza di Spagna, and "English tea-rooms" was the legend to be seen in a few windows hard by Cook and Sons' offices. Nowadays the palm-lounges of the Grand and the Excelsior hotels at tea-time are two of the sights of Rome, for all Roman society drinks tea abroad in the afternoons, and there are as many uniforms at five o'clock in the big hotels as there are at sundown, on band days, on the Pincian hill. All the big pastry-cooks' shops in the Corso and the other principal streets now have "Afternoon Tea" in gold letters on their plate-glass windows. A visit to a pastry-cook's counter in the afternoon has always been an incident in the day of a Roman; but the present devotion to the tea-pot is a British habit imported via France.

### The Congress at Sant' Angelo.

It was pleasant to see a British uniform amongst those of the Italian cavalry officers in the palm-court of the Excelsior one day last week. The wearer of it was a British military doctor, who is one of the delegates to the Congress for fighting tuberculosis, which assembles daily at the great castle on the other side of the Tiber. When our soldiers go to other countries on official missions they are as unnecessarily shy of putting on their uniforms as though there were some disgrace, instead of an honour, in wearing the badge of their profession. The Congress has brought to Rome a multitude of doctors, of both sexes, and of all the nationalities of Europe. A little metal badge, worn on the lapel of the coat, is the pass that carries the members of the Congress through the entrance-gates of the Castle, and inside the courtyard some very white buildings, shaped like temples, have been erected for the discourses which are delivered daily. These chalky classic edifices stand shoulder to shoulder with the buildings of the Agricultural Exhibition, which is also being held in the outer spaces of the great mausoleum.

### The Castle of Sant' Angelo.

Last year a historical exhibition was held in the Castle of Sant' Angelo; the Roman nobility lent many objects of interest connected with the great fortress and prison, palace and mausoleum, and the Castle was thrown open to the public on the payment of a lira per head. The old, annoying progress round the apartments in charge of a guide, who was always anxious to do his round in the shortest time possible, so as to be free to marshal another batch of sight-seers, was done away with. The exhibition was a success; some of its exhibits have found a permanent place in the building, and the entrance-fee paid at the gate still gives any visitor the freedom of the Castle. An old apothecary's

shop, in which a salesman in mediæval clothes offers pots of a wonderful powder for softening the skin is a relic of the exhibition, and so is an alchemist's parlour. A prison-cell on the ramparts, fitted up with the scanty furniture the prisoners were allowed, is also a new attraction. This cell is not one of that set of dungeons deep down in the building in which Beatrice Cenci was imprisoned, and from which Benvenuto Cellini made his sensational escape—dark places of horror bereft of both air and light.

**A Celebrated View.** Rome changes very slowly, but the era of United Italy is beginning to make its marks on the city. Looking out from the Pincian hill, one's eyes turn at once, for old association's sake, towards St. Paul's on the other side of the river; but the great white mass of the Law Courts, near the Castle of Sant' Angelo, catches one's attention next; and then a blaze of white marble away to the left, the monument to Umberto I., cannot be ignored. The new is so very new in the sunshine of spring, and it does not blend with the subdued colouring of Papal Rome and the Rome of the Cæsars. The gardens on the Pincio are as delightful as ever—no change has come to them. The carriages and the motor-cars of the great people of Rome draw up near the band-stand on the days when there is music in the gardens; the little boys and girls romp while their nurses chat; and at sunset the youths studying for the priesthood come in bands for their evening walk, the Germans splendid in scarlet, the Scots in violet, and the rest in black, with girdles and linings of different colours, according to their nationality.

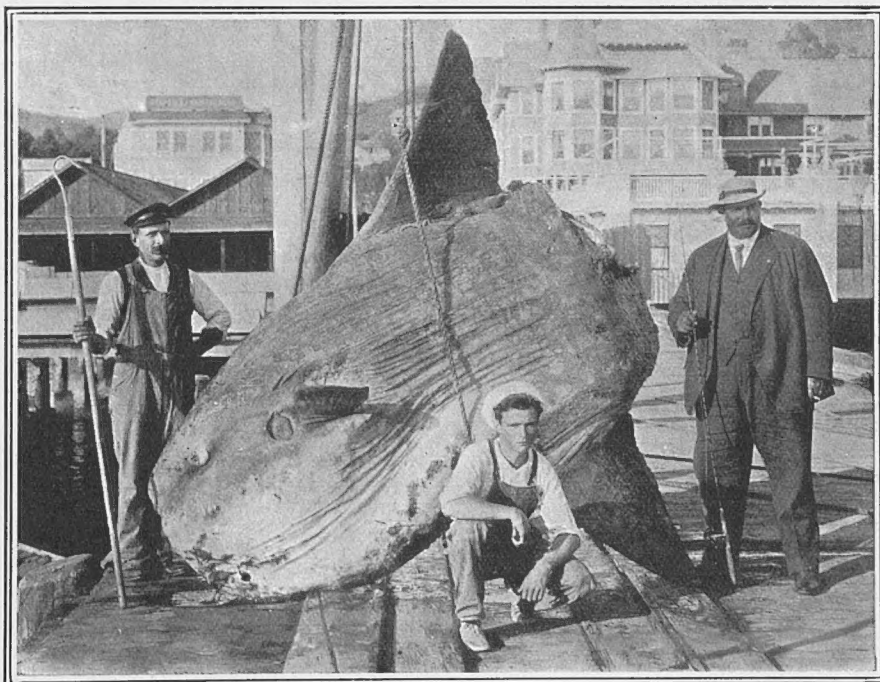
**A Cherub Model.** One touch of picturesqueness I miss: the models who used to wait to be hired on the Scala di Spagna have all vanished. Perhaps the people from the Sabine towns no longer find that it pays them to idle away days in Rome waiting until an artist wants some figures for his foreground. One small, fat boy in yellow jacket and scarlet waistcoat and sandalled feet I saw lounging about the square at the foot of the steps, but he was too plump to paint as anything except a cherub. The flower-market between the steps and the fountain is just now in great beauty, masses of lilac and irises and great lilies contrasting splendidly with the stronger colours of tulips and hyacinths.

**Romans and the War.** The Roman public is deeply interested in the War. At noon the papers bring out special editions, and there is always some scrap of news from the front to justify the announcement of a victory in very large black type on the front page. The Italians are enjoying the smooth progress of their arms, and will not mind paying the bill for the War when it comes due. I was in Italy when the news arrived of the massacre of a brigade of Italian troops by the Abyssinians, and the scenes I then saw in the churches and the streets I shall never forget. This war at present puts the Italians into a very different temper.



A 47-POUNDER! A SALMON CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE IN THE WYE THE OTHER DAY.

The fine fish was caught in the Wye, at Symond's Yat, near Monmouth, by Mr. Pantin, of London. It weighed 47 lb., was 4 ft. 1½ in. long, had a girth in front of the back fin of 26½ in., and fought for over an hour.



63545. *German*  
A FIGHTER, LIKE THE TUNA AND THE BARRACUDA, BUT MORE DANGEROUS IN TERROR THAN IN ANGER: A TON-AND-A-HALF SUN-FISH CAUGHT OFF SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

The great fish was caught by Mr. W. N. McMillan on 3/6 tackle. Our correspondent writes: "California is a land blessed in many ways, and for sportsmen it is divine. It is said that nothing equals the thrill that is felt by a man when he helps to land his first tuna or barracuda. These two fish are fighters, and the sun-fish is a fighter too, but is clumsier and more dreadful in his terror than in his anger. In this he resembles some of the whale tribe. His frantic efforts to leave his pursuers, his great leaps into the air, the way he lashes into fury the waters round him, are all the results of fright, but they are no less dangerous to the hunters. Santa Catalina is an island in the Pacific, about twenty miles long and six miles broad. It lies thirty-three miles from the coast."



THE duelling matinee to be arranged by the Actors' Sword Club for June 11 will be of interest to all men and women who use foil or *épée*. A series of famous encounters will be enacted by swordsmen who are actors, and actors who are swordsmen. There seems, unfortunately, to have been some doubt as to whether women, or their duels, should be included; and perhaps it is quite proper for the part of the Chevalier d'Eon to be taken by a man. There is, it must be admitted, a serious lack of fighting talent, or inclination, among the actresses of the moment. Where is the Englishwoman who will slash and perspire like the Sarah Bernhardt of, let us say, "Lorenzaccio"? Among amateurs there is somewhat the same want of talent. "There is no woman fencer who can be taken quite seriously," said that great swordsman, Mr. Egerton Castle, not long ago at a club meeting.

*To be Shaken Before Taken.* Lord Northland, whose engagement to Miss Hilda Cooper is announced, could give the Sword Club information of weapons that would not in the ordinary way find a place in a review of the art of duelling. A former



ENGAGED TO MISS HILDA COOPER: VISCOUNT NORTHLAND, ONLY SON OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF RANFURLY.

Lord Northland, who was born in 1882, is a Lieutenant in the Reserve of Officers, held the same rank in the Coldstream Guards, and served in South Africa. Miss Cooper is the younger daughter of the late Sir Daniel Cooper, second Baronet, and of Harriet, Lady Cooper, daughter of Sir James Grant-Suttie, sixth Baronet. The wedding is likely to take place in June. —Major Eustace Loder, nominated as Chief Steward of the Jockey Club by Lord Derby, when the latter retired the other day, is one of the best-known figures on the Turf. He is the eighth son of the late Sir Robert Loder, first Baronet. He was in the 12th Lancers for fifteen years. In 1906 his *Spearmint* won the Derby; and his *Pretty Polly* was successful in the Oaks and the St. Leger. —Sir Richard Sutton, the sixth Baronet, who came of age on April 26, and into the comfortable income of somewhere about £100,000 a year, succeeded to the title on his birth, two months after the death of his father. He holds a commission in the 1st Life Guards.

Photographs by Maull and Fox, Elliott and Fry, and Mayall and Co.



NOMINATED CHIEF STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB BY LORD DERBY: MAJOR EUSTACE LODER.



OF AGE A FEW DAYS AGO: SIR RICHARD SUTTON, WHO SUCCEEDED TO THE TITLE ON HIS BIRTH.



MISS YVONNE TEMPERLEY AND CAPTAIN FRANK W. SOPPER, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 27.

Miss Temperley is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Temperley, of Sandhills, Bletchingley. Captain Sopper, 18th (Q.M.O.) Hussars, is the elder son of the late Mr. William Sopper, of Dunmaglass, Daviot, and of Mrs. Sopper, of 3, Upper Belgrave Street. It was arranged that the wedding should take place at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Photographs by Rita Martin and Mayall and Co.



Lord Northland had his own views on the wisdom of settling disputes by pistol, and an allusion is made to his system by a friend who was travelling with one of the family in 1810: "In justice to Knox, I am bound to say that never while we have been together have we had the slightest difference; never have we been obliged to follow Lord Northland's advice, which was, in case of quarrel, to fight with two bottles of champagne, first shaking them, and then cutting the strings by which the corks were held."

*Whereabouts.* "My house-cooling," Lady Clancarty

called her farewell at-home at 27, Eccleston Square. Near by a "warming" quickly follows, and on May 30 her larger house in the same square will be the scene of a dance for Lady Beryl Trench. Newcomers in Grosvenor Square are Mr. and Mrs. Pitt Rivers, in whose hands a house, admirably adapted for entertaining, will not be wasted. Mrs. Hwfa Williams still abides by, and in, Ovington Square: with Claridge's to help her out, she finds that she can fit the whole business of a season into her

somewhat narrow walls. She opens the month with a ball at her "annexe" in Brook Street.

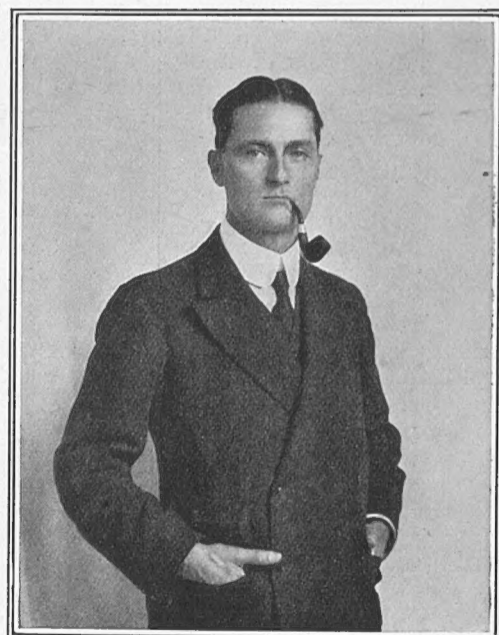
Mr. Bacon, *State Rooms*, who had thought of engaging passages in the *Titanic*, has had a very brief term as American Ambassador in Paris. A Fellowship necessitating residence at Harvard is the ostensible reason for his return to America; but on this head Paris is somewhat sceptical. Perhaps only Americans can realise the meaning of the Harvard spirit. Mr. Bacon is perfectly genuine when he says that a scholarship, involving as it does a very

important share in the directing of the College, has long been his ambition, and that a single room in his own State is worth more to him than a whole Embassy in Europe. But Paris loves to pry behind the scenes, whether at the theatre or in diplomacy, and it is pointed out that Mr. Bacon's decision to leave Paris coincided with the report of M. Jusserand's slight to Mr. Taft in Washington. But even if it is true that M. Jusserand turned his back on Mr. Taft at the wrong moment, it may now be definitely asserted that the incident had nothing whatever to do with the making of plans by Mr. Taft's friend in France.



ENGAGED TO "DUM-DUM": MISS K. G. SOWERBY, AUTHOR OF "RUTHERFORD AND SON."

Miss Sowerby came to the front as a playwright at a single stride, with the production of her first play, "Rutherford and Son," which she wrote chiefly for her own pleasure, scarcely realising that it might be produced, and certainly not imagining that it would bring her fame. At the moment she is rehearsing a new one-act comedy, "Before Breakfast," which is to be given at the Playhouse before "Love—and What Then?"—[Photograph by Hoppe.]



ENGAGED TO THE AUTHOR OF "RUTHERFORD AND SON" CAPTAIN JOHN KENDALL—"DUM-DUM."

Captain Kendall, who writes under his own name and as "Dum-dum," retired from the Army in 1904. His work under the pen-name "Dum-dum" first appeared in the "Times of India" in 1900, and two years later he was invited to contribute to "Punch." His play "Mrs. Bill" was produced at the Court in 1908; then came "Laughter in Court," in one act; and, later, "Dad." He is forty-two.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

## PEOPLE WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO!



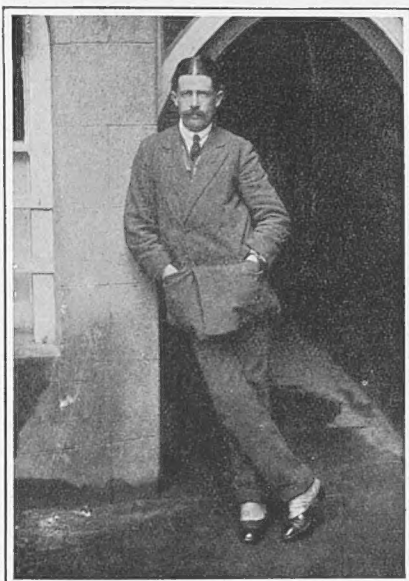
THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND—FOR TELEGRAPHING TO THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON FOR SEAMEN FOR THE "OLYMPIC," ON WHICH HE HAD BOOKED A PASSAGE.

*Photograph by Russell.*

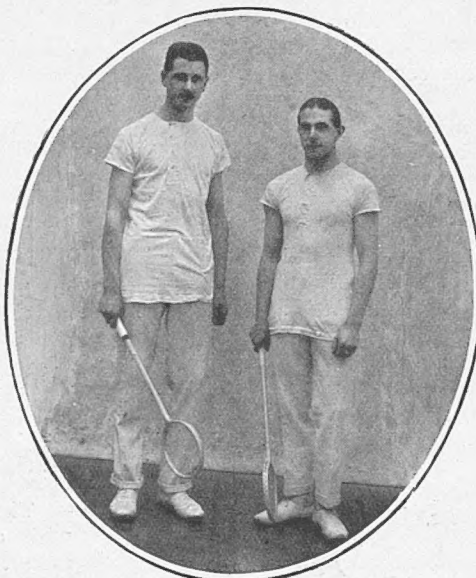


CAPTAIN W. E. GOODENOUGH—FOR ADDRESSING MEMBERS OF THE "OLYMPIC'S" CREW AND WARNING THEM THAT THEIR CONDUCT AMOUNTED TO MUTINY.

*Photograph by Russell.*



MR. CORBETT WILSON—FOR FLYING ACROSS ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL, FROM FISHGUARD TO CRANE.



MESSRS. H. W. LEATHAM AND H. A. DENISON—FOR DEFEATING MESSRS. C. N. BRUCE AND BASIL S. FOSTER, THE HOLDERS, IN THE AMATEUR DOUBLES RACQUETS CHAMPIONSHIP.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



MISS CECIL LEITCH—FOR WINNING THE "GOLF ILLUSTRATED" GOLD CUP AND BEATING SISTER MAY.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



MR. GUSTAVE HAMEL—FOR FLYING FROM PARIS TO CANTERBURY WITH A LADY, WHO READ "A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY" THE WHILE.

*Photograph by Ch. Trampus.*



MR. VIVIAN HEWITT—FOR BEING THE FIRST MAN TO FLY ACROSS THE IRISH SEA.

*Photograph by the Kings Agency.*

The Duke of Sutherland, who was to have been a passenger on the "Olympic," said that the water in the collapsible boat of which the deputation complained, would have about filled a teacup, and that he telegraphed to the Royal Yacht Squadron for seamen.—Captain Goodenough, of the cruiser "Cochrane," went aboard the "Olympic," and addressed men of the liner's crew, who were on a tug. Amongst other things, he is reported to have said, "You have no right to leave the ship after having signed on. . . . It is my duty to tell you that what you are doing now in combining to leave the ship when she is afloat in an open roadstead, as she is now, is an act of open mutiny."—Mr. Wilson, on April 22, flew across St. George's Channel from Fishguard to Co. Wexford, landing at Crane, near Enniscorthy. He had started from Hendon, in company with Mr. Damer Leslie Allen, who at the time of writing is still missing.—Messrs. Denison and Leatham, the old Carthusians, won by 4 games to 1, 72 aces to 54. The scores were 15-1, 15-11, 15-12, 9-15, and 18-15.—Miss Cecil Leitch (Silloth) won the "Golf Illustrated" gold cup at Hanger Hill the other day, thus succeeding her sister, Miss May Leitch. Her score was 85 and 90. Miss L. Barry, of Cheltenham, came next with 91 and 85; Miss May Leitch's score was 90 and 92.—Mr. Gustav Hamel, on a two-seated Blériot monoplane, and with Miss Trehawke Davies as passenger, arrived at Canterbury on Friday of last week, having flown from Issy-les-Moulineaux, Paris, by way of Compiègne, and Harelol, near Boulogne-sur-Mer. Miss Davies, finding that she could neither see nor speak much, read Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."—Mr. Hewitt, on April 26, piloted a Blériot monoplane from Holyhead and landed in Phoenix Park, being the first to fly across the Irish Sea.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

**C**ONCERNING the West Indian piccaninies now on show, the nurse observes, "There is no native costume." It is very gratifying to have all one's early notions of native dress confirmed in this way.

Hermit-hunting is the latest sport in gallant little Breconshire. But, after all, if a man is so unsocial as not to like a crowd, it is only in accordance with modern intolerance that the crowd should take forcible steps to make itself loved.



Professor Turner, of Oxford, has discovered that the older a star is the quicker it moves, but he cannot explain why. It is a sad thought that even science cannot explain the eccentricities of these elderly bill-toppers.

Professor Rippman and Mr. William Archer are still worrying about their Simplified Spelling Society, but neither of them gives credit to the late Sairey Gamp, the real foundress of the Society. No wonder Mrs. Gamp said, "Why, drat the Bragian boldness of that boy! What a imperent young sparrow it is!"

#### FOOTBALL AND COARSENING.

(The Bavarian Government has issued a decree that schoolboys under seventeen are not to play football, as it might have a coarsening effect on the youth.)

Bavaria's in Germany, across the narrow seas,  
Where the bonnie Hieland laddie used to go,  
It's a home of German music and doctoral degrees,  
Of beer, and of the cultured folk who "know."  
And so it's quite in order that the unæsthetic game,  
The footer of this rough, uncultured land,  
Should be looked upon askance,  
(Though they're playing it in France),  
And that Rugger and that Soccer should officially  
be banned.

Bavaria has settled, with more tenderness than truth,  
That football shall be banished from the schools,  
Because it has a coarsening effect upon her youth  
(What price the muddled oafs and flannelled fools?)  
And yet I've heard or read about the Battle of Sedan,  
Concerning which historians relate  
Exceeding gruesome tales  
Of the burning of Bazeilles,  
That seem to show the "coarsening" is of very  
ancient date.



According to a school teacher, people who want to get on in the world put on a drawl which they fancy is characteristic of University men. These poor, deluded creatures are just as likely to be mistaken for University men as the callow youths who wear blue ties at the Boat Race are to be mistaken for the heroes of past races.

We are told that if the silly age for girls still exists its symptoms are less obvious. That is a hard saying, but perhaps it would be safer to say that its symptoms are concentrated in the militant Suffragettes.

Keen-eyed lookers-on have noticed that a new race of cultured and intellectual thieves is growing up in England and France. This is the natural result of too much "education." Raffles has completely knocked poor old Bill Sikes out of his job.

"Why does the nightingale's song end automatically at the hatching of the eggs?" is the riddle



propounded in one of the papers. Probably for the very same reason which makes the average mother say, "Oh, I gave up my music when the babies came."

Manchester is said to be considering a plan for abolishing rates and substituting a graduated tax on all incomes. Manchester evidently desires to become a desert city, and is already asking the wild ass to stamp on its head.

#### THE BATH-TOWEL GIRL.

(The Bath-Towel Girl, dressed in "cotton ratine," will be a most attractive feature this year at the seaside.)

Clad in bath-towelling down from her towel hat  
Right to the hem of her fringed towel skirt,  
Soon at the seaside we all shall be wond'ring at  
The latest get-up of the promenade flirt.  
She will be dressed as she treads the familiar path  
Down by the sea-front and out on the pier,  
Like a dyspeptic who comes from a Turkish bath  
Draped in his clinging and classical gear.

And, to continue in classical metaphors,  
She'll be a goddess ex (bathing) machine,  
Breaking the hearts of susceptible bachelors,  
Daintily frocked in her "cotton ratine."

Hers is a dress that may well be called rational,  
Since for a rub-down she's but to unfurl  
Her frock; so it's nothing if not economical  
This bath-towel dress of the Bath-Towel Girl.



The Young Turks are busy equipping Jerusalem with electric light, a tramway service, and police mounted on bicycles. An efficient (G.P.O., please note) telephone service has already been installed. It is something of a shock to hear that the New Jerusalem is to be the work of the successors of Abdul Hamid.

"It being my father's birthday, I was taking him home a box of pills." From "How to be Kind to Parents," by a Nut.

An American Consul says that the salt-water lagoons and river-mouths of the Gulf of Mexico are full of excellent oysters which nobody takes the trouble to eat. That is just like those Consuls, to let us have the news too late. There is no longer an "r" in the month.

Mr. Evan Roberts wishes to see the "devil" (the dragon) taken out of the Welsh "national" flag. Better take it first out of the "national" character, whateffer.



Professor Arthur Crossley reminds us that there are over four thousand billion tons of nitrogen in the atmosphere, and that farmers are paying enormous sums every year for nitrogen as manure. Here's a chance for those who want to Get Rich Quick. All they have to do is to take the nitrogen out of the air and put it into the land. Nothing could be simpler.

A Swiss plumber has been arrested who was engaged to seventeen girls at one time. The worthy man must have been an adept at the use of soft sawder.



✠      ✠      OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!      ✠      ✠



*52960. Germany*  
50-PER-CENT. BANKING OF THE NEW MOTOR-CYCLE STADIUM AT LOS ANGELES! W. E. HASHA, THE TEXAN, SETTING UP A NEW RECORD.

The exceptionally steep banking will be noticed.



AFTER HAVING BEEN GIVEN A GOOD SHAKING BY KING NEPTUNE: AN OFFICER'S CABIN ON H.M.S. "AMETHYST" IN CHAOTIC CONDITION.

The "Amethyst" is a third-class cruiser with a displacement of 3000 tons. She has a length of 360 feet, a beam of 40 feet, and a mean draught of  $14\frac{1}{2}$  feet.



### WATER ON THE BOARDS: THE STAGE AT SEA.

**Ships on the Stage.** On the first night of "Improper Peter" everybody in the auditorium said "Oh" audibly—or not—when the yacht named *The Nui* began to roll and pitch, for the first act passes on board the boat, and the scene shows the stern and about half the vessel broadside on. By some elaborate machinery the deck, etc., did rise up and down, thus, I fancy, going "one

better"—thanks to some kind of gigantic four-way see-saw supports—than any other production of drama. The next act passed also on the yacht, but in the cabin, and we were shown a section amidships, and also, of course, a section of the Solent, which was very unconvincing. What a lot of time and trouble must have been spent over this mechanical business, and, to use the term formerly employed recklessly, and lavishly, by lady writers, *cui bono*? I rather protest against this ship-motion business. When a man with a delicately adjusted interior has hurried through his dinner and made a frantic rush to the theatre, these signs of motion are a little unwelcome to him, and I confess that at one stage I began to yawn, and this I generally regard as a warning of sleepiness or of nausea.



WITH THE JEW: MISS ETHEL WARWICK AS IRAS, WITH MR. ARTHUR WONTNER AS BEN-HUR IN "BEN-HUR."

However, although I yawned when the ship yawed, I do not suppose this had anything to do with the motion. Perhaps it was a tribute to the jokes in the play about the effect of the motion of a ship on the human system.

**The Wisdom of It.** How firmly, and foolishly, the stage believes that the public can be drawn by a piece of remarkable scenery! Only a few days before "Improper Peter," "Billy," a success in America, was produced at the Playhouse: the whole action passed on a boat, and everybody said that the scenery and noises were masterpieces of realism. Yet "Billy's" cruise lasted barely a week, and probably the extra money spent on the realism did not bring in a penny in the pound. "If the tub had been stronger," if "Billy" had lived till now, we should have had four boat plays at a time. For there is also "Bella Donna," one act of which passes on the Nile boat whose technical name begins with a "d"—I cannot spell it—and, of course, there is also "Ben-Hur," with its galley interior and the succeeding effect of the wreckage floating on the stormy waters.

**American Ships—** Our American friends seem rather fond of these boat plays. The most notable brought over here was "Brewster's Millions," about which I might quote a passage from an old notice. "Presenting a costly, complicated scene of a ship in motion—motion without progress, like the act itself. We had a yacht broadside on, built up to the footlights, apparently a fore-and-aft rigged schooner. Clouds swept by over the sky, the boat rocked, the shore on the horizon waltzed along, *but*—a very emphatic *but*—the sails and booms and sheets

were motionless, and the audience roared with delight at this splendid piece of drama." "Brewster's Millions," by the way, was one of America's comparatively few successes in London. The second act of another American play, not very successful, passed on a steamer. This was in the much-boomed Vampire play called, "A Fool There Was," and here a lot of money was thrown away on an elaborate deck picture. The most successful ship play on record was also one of the best—perhaps the best of all. One feels quite a veteran to be able to look back to the first night of "H.M.S. Pinafore" and recollect the spontaneous roars of laughter at jokes and phrases that have sunk deep into the English language. A steady old boat was H.M.S. *Pinafore*, so far as I recollect, and very solidly built.

#### Shakespeare's Ships.

Shakespeare has contributed little, though we have the immortal description of Cleopatra's barge, in the wonderful phrases of Enobarbus, and ambitious managers try vainly from time to time with paint, canvas, and wood to rival the word-picture of the dramatist. Of course, one must not overlook the wreck in "The Tempest," of which Sir Herbert gave us a prodigiously effective picture, with, however, the inevitable disadvantage that some of the dialogue was drowned in the din. Also the same enterprising manager presented a startling ship scene in the almost forgotten venture into verse of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones called "The Tempter."



WITH THE ROMAN: MISS ETHEL WARWICK AS IRAS, WITH MR. REGINALD OWEN AS MESSALA, IN "BEN-HUR."

In another verse drama we had a very modest piece of mounting, for Mr. John Masefield's superb play, "Pompey the Great," has a last act which passes on board a galley. With the small funds at its disposal, the Stage Society managed to do enough to render it passable, and let the play have its chance. How many boat plays have made short cruises I cannot tell, but the proportion of successes, as far as memory serves me, has not been large. Amongst them, one may name the farce by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome called "Miss Hobbs," in which Miss Millard played charmingly. Earlier still—another joy of the veteran—was "Walker, London," Mr. J. M. Barrie's first success, which passed on the houseboat called, I believe, *The Wild Duck*, as a kind of shot at Ibsen—a long time ago, for poor old Toole appeared in it, and his acting is now becoming a matter of ancient history. And jumping forward again, I remember a capital man-of-war scene in "The Islander," a comic opera, with clever, charming music by Mr. Faraday, which had much less success than it deserved. In this work we had some startling effects, including



JUDAH, THE SON OF ITHAMAR, AND IRAS, THE DAUGHTER OF BALTHAZAR: MR. ARTHUR WONTNER AND MISS ETHEL WARWICK IN "BEN-HUR," AT DRURY LANE.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

the discharge of one of the huge guns of the ship. In different ventures, the vessel of "The Flying Dutchman" and the fateful barque which bore Tristan and the bride have been presented thousands of times, and the cruises are not yet coming to an end.

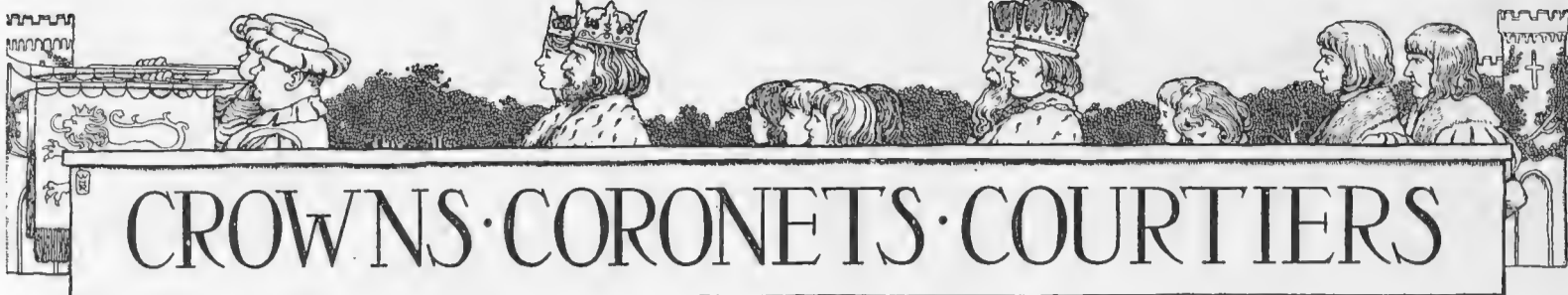
E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## THE QUERIST: THE CHAIRMAN OF THE INQUIRING MIND.



## CHIEF QUESTIONER ON "TITANIC" MATTERS: SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH, OF MICHIGAN.

Senator Smith, of Michigan, who has been asking questions about water-tight compartments, icebergs, and other matters concerning the "Titanic" disaster, is a self-made man who was keeping his father and mother before he was in his teens. As a news-boy he showed that hustling spirit which remains with him; and in 1879, when he was only twenty, Michigan had sufficient faith in him to send him to its House of Representatives. In 1883 he was called to the Bar. In 1895 he was elected to Congress, and again in 1909. He has been a Senator for five years. He took his position as head of the Inquiry by virtue of the fact that he is on the Merchant Marine Committee in the House of Representatives, which was empowered by the Senate to make the inquiry in question.—[Photograph by Topical.]



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

PRINCESS PATRICIA is delightfully young to stand sponsor to a slice of Empire, and her pleasure in the compliment corresponds with her abounding youth and spirits. The ladies who give their names to cities and the countryside have mostly been her seniors by many years, and names they have supplied have not always been so well-sounding. Victoria, Maryland, and Virginia are well enough; but Ladysmith falls short of its original's elegance. Among private instances, Sir H. Herkomer's Lululand (after his wife) is a fairly happy example. Gippsland, to take a masculine example, is not lovely; but Rhodesia has a mighty sound. It is thought that the Princess, while in the first excitement of her vast toy, will herself insist upon being called after her new territory, and command her friends to prolong "Patsy" into Patricia.

"Bags I." Mr. Francis Coutts, an *habitué* of Covent Garden Opera, is a figure of no little interest to his hitherto unsuspecting friends. There seems to be no end to the baronies to which he may establish

and Mr. Gladstone's preference. At St. Margaret's, the feet were in satin shoes, there was hair veiled, and the G.O.M. gone from Westminster. But something at least was left. Ten minutes

away from St. Margaret's a memorial of the vanished girl has been put in place. Burne-Jones's portrait of her has been lent to the Tate Gallery by her mother, whose enterprise may well suggest a whole series of topical borrowings to the less adventurous minds of the Curators.

*In the Swim.* Covent Garden was thronged for "Das Rheingold." Those who found the music rather heavy had a moment's distraction when a painted curtain stuck at one corner, and sent a ripple of distortion through the scenery. But those who go to Covent Garden for the joy of such occurrences are very seldom made happy; and the other night even the Rhine Maidens went without a hitch. It is true they were somewhat tame, but tameness speaks well for the machinery that guides their movements. It was the machinery and the ingenious contrivance for the illusion that so pleased Edward



MISS WINIFRED MARY WORSLEY AND MR. FRANCIS P. CAMPBELL PEMBERTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 30.

Miss Worsley is the eldest of the three daughters of Sir William Worsley, the third Baronet, of Hovingham Hall, York, who succeeded his uncle in the title in 1897. She was born in 1888. Mr. Francis P. Campbell Pemberton, of the 2nd Life Guards, is the only son of the Rev. Thomas Percy Pemberton, Canon of York since 1879, of Trumpington Hall, Cambridge.

*Photographs by Swaine.*



MISS ALICE LEONORA ZACYNTHA BOYLE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. JOHN FRANCIS EASTWOOD WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 29.



MISS NORA C. OUCHTERLONY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ARTHUR O'HAGAN WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 30.



MISS GLADYS GILLILAN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LIEUTENANT ROBERT AMCOTTS WILSON, R.N., WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 30.



MISS JANE SEYMOUR, DAUGHTER OF REV. LORD VICTOR SEYMOUR, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. LOUIS EGERTON WAS ANNOUNCED THE OTHER DAY.

Miss Boyle is the second daughter of Col. Lionel Richard Cavendish Boyle, M.V.O., formerly Sub-Lieutenant, R.N., and Lieutenant-Colonel and Hon. Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company. She was born in 1886. Mr. Eastwood is the eldest son of Mr. John Edmund Eastwood, of Eton, Witley, Surrey. Miss Nora C. Ouchterlony is the elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Ouchterlony, of The Guynd, Forfarshire, and 87, Cadogan Gardens. Miss Gillilan is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gillilan, of 6, Palace Gate, Kensington. Lieutenant Wilson is the second son of Sir Mathew Amcotts Wilson, third Baronet, of Eshton Hall, Gargrave, Leeds. Miss Seymour is the elder daughter of the Rev. Lord Victor Seymour, younger brother of the Marquess of Hertford, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road, S.W. She was born in 1890. Mr. Egerton is the second son of the late Sir Alfred Egerton and the Hon. Lady Egerton, sister of Lord Harlech, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Connaught. *—[Photographs by Val L'Estrange and Macnaughten.]*

a rightful claim, and he has an earldom up his sleeve. Mr. Coutts is so good a poet that it is as a poet, and not as a possible peer or a banker, that he has been regarded, and is still regarded, by his own circle. "Mr. Francis Coutts, in spite of his wealth, is well known as a writer," runs the description of a morning paper. And although Mr. Coutts must smile at that "in spite of," he himself regarded the notoriety of great wealth as something that interfered with his literary fame. His first title-pages bear the name, "F. Money Coutts," but recently the less suggestive "Francis Coutts" has been adopted. "People don't take my poetry seriously, because I am well off," he has complained in the moderate language of the millionaire.

*Tête à Tête.* When Mrs. Parish left London for her honeymoon at Saighton Grange, it seemed as if the familiar Dorothy Drew had departed for ever. As a child she was famous for her bare feet, her curls,



MR. JOHN A. HASKELL AND MISS DOROTHEA ALABASTER, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 30.

Miss Dorothea Alabaster, whose wedding to Mr. John A. Haskell, of Calcutta, was fixed to take place yesterday, is the elder daughter of the late Sir Chaloner Alabaster, Consul-General in China, and of Lady Alabaster, of Boscombe, Hants. *—[Photographs by Lafayette.]*



during the prolonged disaster to the *Berlin* off the Hook of Holland that got him much admiration both here and in Holland. His London visit has proved an unqualified success.

VII., who was not, perhaps, a perfect Wagnerite. King George and Queen Mary were not at last week's performance, their Majesties being at the time deep in "Milestones."

*Second Violins.* Prince Consorts are seldom accepted at the estimate of devoted Queens, and Prince Henry of the Netherlands has had to fight his way into the affections of the Dutch people. His active desire to please and his devotion to Holland have done much. It is whispered in Palace nurseries, as an example, that he is even vaccinated along with his offspring, and in larger affairs he is a man of proved resource. He comes to England at a time which reminds him of an event of no little moment to himself and to others. It was his energy and courage

## CHALLENGE! WHO SAYS THE TALL GIRL'S DAY HAS GONE?



LIVING PROOF OF THE POPULARITY OF THE TALL ACTRESS: A SIX-FOOT-FOUR PLAYER IN "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT," AND OTHERS FROM SIX-FEET-TWO TO FIVE-FEET-NINE-AND-A-HALF.

Mr. Charles Frohman said recently: "The day of the tall woman on the musical-comedy stage has gone. This applies both to the principals and the show girls. We have reached the era of the small woman." That was a daring assertion. Who can say, for example, to quote but one instance, that the tall woman is not popular on the stage in view of the very great popularity enjoyed by those exceptionally tall ladies who are appearing at the Empire in "Everybody's Doing It," and whose portraits are here given? From left to right are seen Miss Nancy More, Miss Peggy Phillips, Miss Townley Lawrence, Miss Madeleine Morton, Miss Gladys Carrington, Miss May Kennedy, and Miss Joan Challiss. They have nothing to fear from Mr. Frohman's dictum.—[Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Campbell-Gray.]



A MASTER OF FACES: MR. ERIC STONE.

RARE as it is for an actor to make his début on the stage in a leading part at the West End of London, it is far rarer for one to become a "star turn" under similar conditions. That, however, is what Mr. Eric Stone has done at the Alhambra. There is, however, this difference—that he is no tyro at his own particular work, that of drawing, for he has studied his art not only in his native Australia, but in New York and in Paris. In other words, he was not a raw amateur but an accomplished craftsman who determined to turn his talent into a new direction. This is the drawing of political celebrities and other pictures on a little circle of blackened glass, the audience seeing each stroke as he makes it by the reflection on a screen behind him, in the manner made popular by that other accomplished artist, Mr. Bert Levy. It was, indeed, after seeing Mr. Levy in New York that Mr. Stone concluded that there was an opening for another artist of the same kind, although it was not until he came to London that he decided to put his belief to the practical test by starting less than a month ago.



THE DON JOSÉ OF "CARMEN" AT COVENT GARDEN; M. GIUSEPPE CELLINI.

Photograph by Record Press.

Although there have been no artists on either side of his family, so far as he can find out, he began to give evidence of his skill in drawing when he was a very small boy. He was always sketching and caricaturing, and he continued the habit when he was sent to school. There a particularly ludicrous caricature of the headmaster attracted the attention of that august individual. Happily, he was gifted with a sense of humour, and, instead of administering a sound thrashing to the boy for his lack of respect, he sent to Mrs. Stone—Mr. Stone being dead—and suggested to her that she ought to consider the advisability of changing her plans for her son's future profession and make him an artist instead of a dentist, even though he had passed the necessary preliminary examinations for that purpose. Before this happened, young Stone had already had the pleasure of seeing his work in print—for he was only thirteen when his first drawing appeared in one of the Australian papers. Later on he was a fairly regular contributor to *Table Talk* and the *Sydney Bulletin*. In the latter paper his work was chiefly of a political nature, and for the most part at the expense of the late Sir Thomas Bent, then Governor of Victoria.

If young Stone could draw well he wrote as badly as Dean Stanley, of whom it is said that a friend wrote to him that he thought he could read one word in the letter which the Dean had addressed to him "and that," he added, "looks like 'damn.'" After waiting for some time for payment for his drawings, Mr. Stone went to the offices of the *Sydney Bulletin* to inquire why he had received no cheques. When he told them what drawings had been published, they handed him an equal number of envelopes, each addressed to a different individual, according to the way in which his signatures had been read.

It was when he was sixteen that the change in his future calling was decided upon, and he at once went to New York to get the benefit of the more rapid tuition which is obtainable in that city, where students are not kept working for years at the antique before they are allowed to draw from life. There he spent three years, winning an art scholarship and doing a great deal of drawing for advertisers. During the few months he has been in London he has had a studio in which he has been devoting himself, for the most part, to doing pictorial designs for commercial firms,

as well as posters. His activity has also found vent in a series of very clever and characteristic drawings under an assumed name for one or two of the most popular weekly papers.

It was the fact that his mother had left Australia to come to London which brought him hither, as it was the desire to get the French touch which sent him to Paris to study at Julien's famous academy. Soon after his return from Paris he set about studying a répertoire, with a view to appearing on the music-halls. He learns the faces of the men and women he draws just as an actor learns the words of his part, and he draws each line at every performance with the same exactness as the actor speaks each word. The only thing in which he permits himself any latitude is in the remarks which he writes as the outcome of the audience's expression of opinion.

In such a "turn" the faces of political celebrities may be regarded as the artist's chief stock-in-trade. Mr. Stone always aims at getting a balance between the rival parties, and after he has given a Liberal celebrity he "hands out" a Tory one, or cleverly by a word or letter changes the application. Thus, he labels Mr. Lloyd George, "The People's Pet," and when the Liberals have done cheering to their hearts' content, he sticks an "s" between the "e" and the "t" and rejoices the Conservative heart and raises the whole audience's

laugh by changing it to "The People's Pest." Similarly, he labels his drawing of Mr. Redmond, "The King of all Ireland—except Ulster," a fact which caused one of the papers to remark the other day that "this is one of the cases in which there is virtue in a dash."

The following examples of Mr. Stone's aptness may be recorded. The second night of his appearance at a suburban hall, at which he worked for a week before going to the Alhambra, the sketch of a famous celebrity was recognised before it was finished, and a persistent hissing was kept up by one individual. In a moment Mr. Stone substituted a new plate for the one on which he was working. He drew an outrageous caricature of a man, and labelled it, "This is the man who is making the row." The audience roared with laughter, during which he put back the unfinished drawing and finished it. Another night, a baby began to cry lustily. He stopped short, and drew the face of a baby crying. It "went" better than anything else in the programme. Such is the way in which real things never fail to appeal to an audience.

It is a curious fact that, just as the memory for words can be improved by practice, so can the memory for faces. When Mr. Stone began to learn to draw politicians, it took him two weeks to learn to draw Mr. Lloyd George with certainty. On the morning of last week's matinée at the Alhambra in aid of the victims of the *Titanic*, at which the Lord Mayor was present, Mr. Stone decided to include him among his portraits. He therefore got a photograph of him and studied it. So successful was the sketch that before he had put the finishing touches to it the audience recognised it and broke out into such rapturous applause that the Lord Mayor was obliged to advance to the front of his box and bow his acknowledgments.



THE MARIO CAVARADOSSI OF "LA TOSCA," AT COVENT GARDEN; M. GIOVANNI MARTINELLI.

M. Martinelli, whose first appearance at Covent Garden last week made him famous, is twenty-five, and only a few years ago was a wood-carver in his native village of Montagnana, in Italy. He began his musical career in the chorus of a local operatic company.



THE CARMEN OF "CARMEN" ON THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE GRAND OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN; MLE. TARQUINIA TARQUINI.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

QUITE A FEAT!



THE COMING OF THE ANKLE-WATCH: WHEN IT IS NECESSARY TO KNOW THE TIME.

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

# FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

## THE CAPE BEAUTIFUL.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

"SEE Naples and die!" Of the prevalence of the unwashed, perhaps! That cleanliness is next to godliness is exclusively a British idea. Gods and goddesses, like roses, flourish better in a "fertilised" land. The races most exuberantly religious are those who, realising that humanity is mere dust and dirt, have always treated it as such. In ages of faith the purest in heart invariably gloried in an unclean body. Even now, in these unpicturesque days, when faith is asleep with her feet in ashes, and hygiene busy with vacuum-cleaners and aseptic sprays sweeping the four corners of the globe, Neapolitan hearts must be very pure indeed. As I am writing this on my balcony—under a sun so much in earnest that I feel the skin of my neck getting brown like that of a Paschal lamb—odours and perfumes, of every sort of thing that can be smelt, rise to me from the streets and terrace below. I can chiefly recognise the breath of orange-blossoms and the exhalations of decaying fish. In summer, when the flowers shall have exhausted their strongest perfumes, only the fish will remain and the rotting artichokes. Oh not to be in Naples when August is there! Now it is enchanting; the glycine falls in cascades from the height where my hotel is perched, down to the sea. At least, it looked as if it were running there from crevice to crevice, yard to yard, terrace to terrace, but I followed it this morning, and it led



POUDRÉ, MASTER SMITH.  
ONLY SON OF MR. AND  
MRS. F. E. SMITH.

Photograph by Lafayette.

me to a shrine in a wall and a refuse-heap at the foot of it. On my right is Posilipo the incomparable, which I visited yesterday, wondering why I had heard of the Aquarium of Naples, where a few hypochondriac fishes stare reproachfully from behind fatal panes at the flattened noses of the tourists, why I had heard of Santa Lucia (may her melodious memory be in peace at last!), why I had heard of macaroni, why I had heard of La Gioconda—and never of Posilipo! Yet Posilipo, the cape beautiful, has been a beloved land since—since, let me see, what date does my Baedeker give?—no date at all, only that the "famous debauched one," Vedius Pollio, had a villa there once upon a time. This gives us a date of some sort, for to be a "famous debauched one" is a very ancient title. We are so much more careful nowadays. Perhaps everybody except me knew Posilipo—how the sea is turquoise on its shore where the water is shallow, and sapphire where it gets deeper, how red roses trail over its rocks to scatter their petals in the torrent below, how every step you take there is in a spot more lovely than where your foot stood last, how from there Naples appears white and blue, more beautiful than it really is.

Perhaps everybody knew—and no one told me! But then travellers are the most laconic, not to say inarticulate, of beings; postcards and time-tables are, no doubt, responsible. Travellers had formerly the reputation of being great liars. Now that there is a Cook in every town, they dare not lie, so they say nothing,

or worse. There were two Frenchwomen breakfasting at the table next to mine this morning. They were speaking of Rome. One said, "I did not see a single decent hat-shop in the whole Corso, did you?"

The handsomest people in Naples are among the poorest, and also the youngest. There are little gutter-boys and gutter-girls who are just little marvels. But the girls' ankles are seldom worthy of their eyes. Nature gives them two pillars more strong than elegant, in prevision of the heaviness most Italian women are afflicted with when still in their twenties.

The young men of the upper bourgeoisie and aristocracy do their best—and a successful best—to resemble English gentlemen. Many of them look like Englishmen with a tem-

perament. They affect, even between themselves, to speak in English; their clothes and their hats are

from London—but their boots are American.

The girls of the people cut their skirts and dress their hair according to the latest Parisian inanity. It is only here and there among the lemon-vendors, artists' models, and the professional beggars you see a purple petticoat "swearing" at a blue camisole. Only the very old are picturesque in Naples.

On my left, almost leading into this new, airy avenue where the hotel stands, is a narrow alley. The first house, which I can see quite distinctly, is an eating-house, the most unappetising place to eat in. At the door a handsome girl sits majestically picking salad in a bowl on her lap, while standing behind her another girl is fulfilling for her the services of hairdresser. She is bringing immense care to her task. She holds the comb between her teeth, and with the palms of her hands she rubs and flattens the dark hair until it is a perfectly smooth mass of blue-black silk. Now and then she takes from the window-sill a bottle of salad-oil and upturns it on her palm. For evermore the tenderest heart of the crispest lettuce will find me full of distrust.

Naples is not the paradise of horses, but neither is it their hell. That is still in Paris. Or perhaps our particular drivers, taking us for English tourists, were unusually gentle with their beasts.

How patiently the Neapolitan idlers of the upper class stand at street-corners watching whatever traffic or happenings there may be, as they do in France from the cafés, and in London from club windows. "E dolce far niente," and chiefly while seeing other people doing something.



POUDRÉE, MISS SMITH, ONLY  
DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS.  
F. E. SMITH.

Photograph by Lafayette.



AT THE WEDDING OF MISS DOROTHY  
DREW TO MR. F. W. PARISH, D.S.O.:  
EARL BEAUCHAMP WITH THE TWO  
TRAIN-BEARERS, LADY LETTICE  
LYGON (HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER),  
AND MISS STELLA PELLY.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Drew (W. E. Gladstone's favourite grandchild, daughter of the late Canon H. Drew, Rector of Hawarden), and Mr. Francis Woodbine Parish, D.S.O., Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifles, and A.D.C. to Lord Gladstone, took place last week. The bride's train was carried by two children—Lady Lettice Lygon and Miss Stella Pelly.

Photograph by C.N.

SHELL OUT!



THE MISTRESS: Why, I gave you a pound of walnuts to crack. There are hardly any here. Where are the rest?

THE GENERAL: Lor, Mum, the uvvers was so big I couldn't get 'em in me mouf!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



## IN A LAND OF REBELLION: AN AMERICAN IN MEXICO.

## A Mexican Mine.

Mr. Gillpatrick began his Mexican travels by an excursion to the mines. Mines themselves and the sensational life they offer to the true gambler failed of attraction for him, and, though visiting friends who would fain have had him throw in his lot with them, he "never realised how much better was the sunlight than anything else in the world, till he first saw it after six hours in the gloomy depths of an old Mexican mine." Romance, nevertheless, the romance of a Dumas, lingers there yet, and the wanderer tells two thrilling tales of legendary mines: one mysteriously inaccessible, and the other washed away in the winter rains, but both fabulously rich and powerful to cast a spell upon the imagination of the adventurer. But of the mines, the actual working ones, Mr. Gillpatrick has little to say; he describes their small beginnings, a hole just seven feet square, leading to "a great underground world with miles of tunnels, shafts which seem destined to reach the earth's centre, and thousands of workmen toiling day and night." In a niche and shining in the darkness, with its candles always lit, you may chance on a shrine gay with paper flowers and tinsel, and, while presently you come to a shaft and hold to the wall for safety as you look down the dizzy descent, "a peon comes gliding along with his leather sack slung over his shoulder, and trips lightly down the perilous chicken-ladder, as you would down a broad and easy stairway. A chicken-ladder is the trunk of a tree with its branches lopped off, and notches cut in it for steps." The peon, who is the native drudge, appears to be a simple, active, and generous, if tricky, creature, addicted to music, with a passion for handkerchiefs, imbued with the wandering Indian spirit, and gifted with the charming manners taught him by the Spaniard.

## The Real Mexico.

But the present was insistently calling. The month was May, and "I knew that beyond the mountains was the real Mexico." And no more charming days can be imagined than those spent by Mr. Gillpatrick as he followed the trail across the mountains which divide the mining camp from civilisation: long days of brilliant sunshine, and cloudless, star-lit nights; pine-woods full of magic healing for weary bodies and tired nerves; the sleep beside camp fires; the welcome meals; for company the song of the ever-cheerful *mozo*, a combination of guide and valet, as he follows with the pack mules; and always, beyond, another mountain, still more desirable than the last, raising her veils for the next day's delight. Once in a Spanish boarding-house in Mexico, that magical city, pride of the Spaniards, risen from the ruins of what had been pride of the Aztecs, Mr. Gillpatrick was in a good way to find the real Mexico. He went in search of it with a mind singularly unlike the general bent of his countrymen. Of the Mexicans he has nothing but good to say. Their proverbial courtesy he proved to be genuine kindness,

and his friend, Don Juan, the cheery, gentle engineering student, became a national type in his mental portrait-gallery. Admiration culminated into hero-worship when he talked with President Diaz on that very terrace of beautiful Chapultepec where the Empress Carlota watched on summer evenings for the coming of Maximilian.

It is a rather American interview, with its camera and conversation, but it evokes a stirring impression of the great statesman whose eyes both flashed and dimmed as he spoke of Mexico and her future. At an awkward moment of the visit, for they were reminded of the American attack on the castle in 1847, President Diaz pronounced these words "which I shall always remember: 'Nations are like boys. When they are young, they quarrel. When they are older, they help each other.'" In the light of the present political crisis in Mexico it is interesting to note the President's claim that

Mexico, heartened by American achievement to cast off the yoke of Spain, has modelled her Government on that of the United States. In Mexico City "everything charmed me. . . . Within view of the city I read again, on that day and many more days, the story that is, doubtless, one of the most amazing and fascinating in the history of the world. . . . And there was the city life, vivid, real, exciting—insisting that I should share it." It is "a scene of tropic colour, beauty and luxury": gorgeous carriages, smart motors, the latest Paris "creation," music, dark eyes, and jewelled fingers, and always in the background, whether visible or no, Popocatepetl and her sister volcano. After Mexico, then follows a string of lovely towns. Rose-coloured Queretaro; Guadalajara, Pearl of the West, famed for its oranges; sleepy Uruapan, fragrant with coffee-blossom, "which approaches white lilac in scent"—these and others he beheld "travelling, travelling all the days and nights on the machine." Not always by railway, though, for here is the Chapala coach, drawn by an eight-mule-team, two about the size of rabbits on the lead, a string of four in the middle, and two larger ones on the wheel. The driver

has an assistant "whose chief persuaders are rocks. The assistant earns fifty cents a day, and free insurance against dyspepsia. He alights at the base of every hill and fills his sombrero full of rocks on the way up. He then shies several boulders big enough to dislocate a hip at the leaders; and when the whole team are in full gallop, he swings himself on to the box in some miraculous way—I think he stands on the hub. He could never do it if he wore shoes. . . . People talk of Mexico as slow, but the word can never be applied either to stage coaches or street cars, when they once get started."

Hasta Luego! One of the world's strangest garments must surely be the Indian's rain-coat of woven leaves. It may be bought for fifty cents, is very strong and firmly woven, and sheds water like a duck's back. Several Spanish phrases become familiar in the course of the text, besides the inevitable "Quien sabe!" One means, "Until soon!" So, "Hasta luego!" Mr. Gillpatrick.

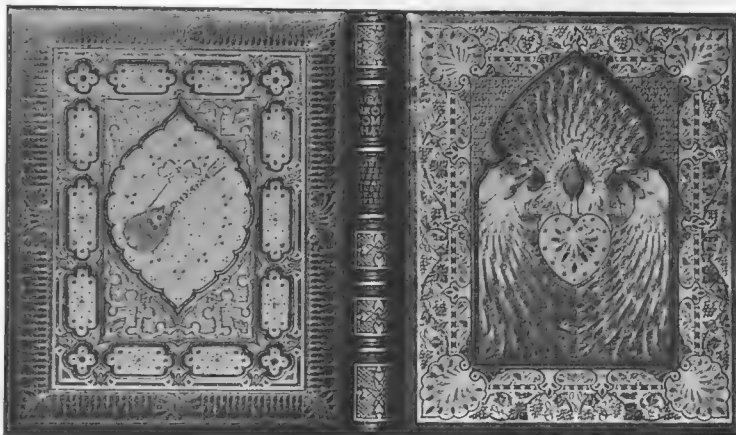


EACH WITH A HUNDRED ROUNDS OR SO OF AMMUNITION ACROSS HIS CHEST: CHINESE SOLDIERS THE AUTHORITIES WISH TO DISBAND.

The officials of the Republic of China are reported to be experiencing some difficulty in disbanding certain of their soldiers now that fighting is at an end. Many of these men are without uniform and are allowed to wander aimlessly about the streets, each with a hundred rounds or so of ammunition across his chest and a full rifle-magazine.



A REVOLUTIONARY CAVALRYMAN: A TYPICAL "ZAPATISTA" FIGHTER IN THE PRESENT MEXICAN REBELLION.



LOST WITH THE "TITANIC": THE JEWELLED "OMAR KHAYYAM."

A thousand and fifty precious stones were set in the binding of this volume, which was sold at Sotheby's recently for £405, and was being conveyed to the United States aboard the "Titanic."—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

\* "Wanderings in Mexico." By Wallace Gillpatrick. (Eveleigh Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)

*Outside the Four-Mile Radius: Suburbia.*



VI.—THE FUNNY MAN AT HOME.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## "E. S., DIED AUGUST 1897."

By H. GRAHAME RICHARDS.

THE old, wrinkled Garibaldian, Jacopi, told me the story whilst I sat on the brown, dilapidated wall which surrounds the little church of St. Angelo, perched high up on the side of the hill which is known as "God's Knee." It was a strangely quiet and still place in which to hear of the tragedy of human passions. Far away below one could see the heat haze lying heavily over Naples, and the lazily moving white sails fainting away into the deep blue of the bay. The world, it seemed, was too good and fair a place for such things as Jacopi had to tell me. It lent a sense of unreality to his story. Yet the world already knows sufficient of the truth to credit the rest.

The brevity and simplicity of the inscription—

"E. S., Died August 1897,"

engraved on the white marble slab behind us, had aroused my active curiosity, and I sought information from Jacopi, who tends the few simple graves of those who find their last rest in this far-away spot. Only too ready to talk was he whose daily life lies in such silent grooves. And this is what he told me, leaning on his broom, staring at the city below with his wise, reflective old eyes.

"It is many years ago, now, Signore, but I remember it well, for it was the last burial to take place here where the Madonna always smiles, and it was so different from all the others that how could I forget?"

"They came early in the morning, just the coffin-bearers and one sad-faced man following behind, when the songs were beginning in the fields and the Santa Maria had given another happy day for the ripening of the vines. And there were no flowers, no prayers, no tears! It was a cold, heartless business, and I did not like it, Signore. For it is not good that our loved ones should go on the long journey without even a prayer from those left behind to speed them on the way. Have not the best of us so much to answer for? So, when the padre had gone, and I was shovelling in the earth, and thinking of my own boy, a tear dropped from my eye. Perhaps it was a beautiful lady or some strong lad who had loved life well, and—after all, a prayer and a tear cost so little, eh?"

"But the Excellenzo, whose face was of iron and was yet so sad, had seen it, and then I knew he suffered. For suddenly he gripped my hand so that it hurt me, and I saw the deep lines in his face and the agony in his eyes. The *povero*! Did I, too, not know what it meant? Had I, too, not felt it when my Battista and my Candido went from me in the same way? Ah, Madonnina, life's a laugh on the surface, but a sob underneath."

He paused to control his emotion. As I had learned, his own life had been full of tragical reverses which, but for his simple philosophy, arising at once from his ignorance and unshakable religious beliefs, would have overwhelmed him. I therefore bridled my impatience, and presently he resumed.

"But I was mistaken, Signore, it was not his wife or his son who lay there so peacefully, although I did not discover that until some years afterwards. It was as I thought; he could not forget. Year after year he would come here on the same day and place a bunch of your English violets on the stone, and then stand for hours and hours, thinking maybe, with his eyes fixed away out there on Capri, whilst in his strong face there was ever the same sadness. The Santa Madre could not heal him—others I have known come only once or twice, and then they forget. So I learned to love this man like a son, because the memory was always with him.

"It was one quiet evening when the sun was setting and the peasants were rejoicing at the crimson in the sky which spoke so well for the harvests. The Excellenzo had arrived that day, and had stayed late, so that now the vespers were ringing, and all was

still in beautiful Naples. There was something in the bells that evening; I felt it and prayed that no great harm might come to the world. But the Excellenzo stood and did not notice it, for his mind was ever with his loved one.

"I waited and waited; the bells finished, and I knew that in the Pistolo my pipe and my friends would be waiting for me; but could one disturb such holy thoughts?"

"Then suddenly a laugh sounded in the air, and I saw him start and turn his eyes to the city as if the sound had hurt him. It was a laugh such as only a beautiful woman, who is well and happy and has not learned that the sun can be wicked as well as good, can make; so I, too, looked and saw her. She was going downwards towards the city with her dog, at which she was laughing, and I knew her. Did not all the world know her, the Contessa Rubini, who was said to be the most beautiful woman in all Europe? *Madonna mia*! but she was as long and slender and delicate as the women in a Ghirlandajo fresco! And she was as cold as ice and as cruel as the east wind. *Cospetto*! In Naples they called her the killer of hearts. Had not the great French *avvocato*, the Signore de Roques, drowned himself because she mocked at him? Had not our own Conte D'Urghino gone to strange lands to live with his grief away from the eyes of the Madonna, because of her? She was cruel because she had no heart; but she was beautiful, more beautiful even than the pictures of Sassoferrato, which you may see in the Chiesa. She walked as a queen, and her eyes could make slaves of men. Why does the good Lord make people so lovely and yet so wicked?"

"I had seen her many times as she drove in the Campagna towards the Grotto del Cane with her wonderful horses and carriage, which they said were English, and I could not understand why they said she was so cold and cruel when her smile was always warm, even as is the sunlight. But it was said that many men had died because of her when she laughed at their love. The Madonna forgive her! Perhaps she did not know what love was then!"

"So I was afraid when I saw the Excellenzo, who had left the Chiesa now, stoop and pick up her handkerchief and hasten and join her. I would not have further harm come to him who had already suffered so much. And there was danger; for even as she was a queen among women, so was he a king among men—a ruler; one could see that with half an eye. But what are the prayers of an old man when the Fates are set? They entered the city together, and many months passed before I saw them again."

Jacopi again fell into a brown study, and at last I had to prompt him. "*Si, si, Signore*," he muttered reflectively, clearing his throat, "and the end was this.

"The winter was coming on and the pleasure-birds had all flown from Naples, and the songs were dead in the fields.

"Then one day there arrived in the harbour the magnificent yacht of one whom they said was an Inglese and a millionaire. This lord of the world was coming overland to join his yacht. But the days passed into weeks, and the winter grew bitterer and harder until all the Campagna was dead and desolate. And still the lord of the world did not appear, and the yacht lingered. Why, indeed, should he, who could so well pay, hurry? Yet each day, Signore, I used to pray that he might come, and quickly. For his friends were aboard waiting for him, and among those friends was my Excellenzo. *Ohimè*! how I feared and feared for the Excellenzo then. Down there in the Pistolo, they said he had learned to love the Contessa Rubini madly, and I knew it must be true, for more than once I saw him in the distance, yet never did he come up here, as he had always done before. 'Maybe he is forgetting,' I

[Continued overleaf.]

## POLITICAL ART ; AND THE SIMPLE LIFE !



THE CHAIRMAN : In the regrettable, but unavoidable, absence of our future member (applause), his daughter has undertaken to silence the recent scurrilous attacks on his financial probity by reciting a poem, specially written by her talented Mamma, entitled "Vote for dear Daddy," say Dolly and me."



THE NEW ARRIVAL : Wot ! 'avin' it out o' pewter t' night, Bill ?

BILL : Ah, y' see I've gorn in fer this 'ere simple life—makes wunnerful difference to yer 'ealth.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

thought, 'and because of her.' It was the cruellest thing I had ever known, that. Why, Signore, my old friend Bendi was already betting ten to one that the *bel* Inglese would blow out his brains when she flung him aside like a cast-off glove. But there were others who said he would kill her, and all Naples waited and watched. One way or another tragedy there must be, and it was sad, very sad. How blind the world was, as I know now!

"It was one afternoon when the skies were grey and the angry wind drove the black storm-clouds up from the west, that I came here, although I was ill, for I love this spot where the gentle Madonna ever is. It was strange, too! I was standing here by the grave, wondering if my *bel* Inglese had indeed forgotten, when I saw two figures—a man and a woman—toiling side by side up the hill. I was so surprised, Signore, for one so rarely sees visitors here when the days are cold; they come like you, in the time of the flowers, when the days are warm.

"So I watched and watched, until I could see that it was my sad-faced Inglese and the Contessa Rubini. Upwards they came, but never one word they spoke. Once she slipped a little, for the path was very muddy, and he offered his arm, but still they did not speak. An old man feels things, Signore, and I was frightened at their strange silence; I knew that all was not well with them. They halted just where you are sitting to-day, not observing me amidst the shadows of the cypress, and then I could see their faces clearly.

"The Saints preserve me! but I did not like the face of the Inglese. It was white and set, just like marble, and his dark eyes were burning. It was not good!

"Her face was changed, too, and I, an old man, could see that the great love had come to her at last; that she loved my Excellenzo with a love which was a burning fire. Oh, but she was beautiful, the Signora, that day, as she stood clinging to the arm and looking into the face of him whom she loved, with all her soul in her glowing eyes!

"A great fear came on me as I stood in the cold and damp, watching. I have seen much of men and can read them, and I saw things then to which she was blind.

"Suddenly he commenced to speak, all the time with his eyes fixed on the dark, angry sea below, just as I had seen him so many times before. This is what he said—

"You must excuse my bringing you to such a spot on a day like this, but in doing so I had a twofold purpose—one, to relate a story; the other, to tell you that I know you have learned to love me with your whole heart and soul!"

"The great love of the woman sprang to her lips at his words, although his voice was cold and without passion. She clung closer to him as if she would embrace him, but he turned his eyes to her, and as she saw the light in them she shrank back as though she had been struck. Oh, Signore, they were cruel, those eyes, as they smiled exultantly upon her just like a devil's.

"But the woman, too, was brave. She drew herself up straight and tall, and her face became cold and haughty, as she waited for him to continue. She was magnificent, Madonnina!

"The man turned his eyes back to the sea, and again commenced to speak, rather loudly, for the wind was ever rising and bringing the storm nearer.

"The story I have to tell you concerns my brother and myself," he said. "I have often mentioned him to you, but have never told you much about him. I must beg you to listen now. We were, you should understand, inseparable companions; I learned to esteem him beyond all others. We shared all the escapades of youth together, and stood side by side in the sterner contests of life which faced us in later years.

"He was the vessel of clay; the world said I was the one of iron; and in the out-of-the-way corners of the earth we traversed together I saved his life many times. Once only did he save mine, but it was at such cost that it wiped away all outstanding debts.

"You will realise in a moment how essential all this apparently useless detail is to my story.

"In an encounter out in the solitude of the desert, I went down and he stood over me and defended me; gaining a disfigurement thereby which rendered him almost repulsive for the rest of his life. An incident such as that forms a bond between men so powerful as to impel the one to resent and hate as personal any injury to the other. Can you, a woman, understand that?"

"His voice was sharp and unkind, Signore, and I almost hated this man I had learned to love as a son when I saw the fear growing in the woman's face. It has haunted me since, that face, it was so wan and bleak and terrible! She knew what was coming, and already she felt the hand of God on her soul.

"But the Inglese, who had become as a devil, paid her no attention and went on—

"As years passed we became rich in the eyes of the world. Our travels had not been purposeless, and so we acquired weight in the money centres of Europe. Then it was that the incident which is our present concern befel.

"Here in Naples, whilst I was in the north attending to business, my brother met the woman whom he conceived to be the only one in the world for him. And she led him on and encouraged him, and bade him hope and made him spend fabulous sums on her. His big, generous heart was so good to her that what was in the world was hers but for the asking. He loved her as it is given to few men to love. It was an idolatry, and brought its own punishment with it.

"It all happened so quickly. Fate's greatest blows are always unexpected. She had been amusing herself with him. When he became too insistent in the height of his great passion, she flung him aside, and—worse, a thousand times worse—she mocked him on account of that disfigurement to which I owed my life. On this point he was supersensitive—I have already said my brother was a weak man—and her remark served to kill the manhood in him. In the madness of his despair and agony he . . . destroyed himself."

"His voice became husky, and he had to pause. I could see, Signore, that he had loved that brother as hot youth loves beautiful women. And the woman—ah, but it was not good to see her as she cowered down on the wall just here, or to hear her awful sobs! *Dio mio!* she was already before the Judgment-seat, with none to pity her but a poor, useless old man whose heart ached for her. What could one do?

"The rain was falling now; the grey mists were sweeping up from the sea, and it was so lonely right up here with only those two desolate people. Still I could not go, for the Inglese again spoke.

"Can you imagine what my feelings were when I stood by the side of that cold body and read of that woman's duplicity, whilst, perhaps, at that very moment, out beyond the blinded windows in the happy sun, she was laughing and chattering and luring yet another soul to destruction? I swore then that should the Fates ever be so kind as to let that woman cross my path, I would devote my life to teaching her the agony others had suffered at her hands. The Fates have been kinder than I hoped."

"There was a long, terrible silence before he spoke again in a voice like ice.

"Do you understand, now, Contessa, why I brought you here to the side of my brother's grave, that I might fling the love you would offer me in your face? Edward Seaton, the disfigured man whom you mocked, lies here. He was but a reed in the path of your life, and I . . . my name, too, is Seaton, not Sinclair—I am his brother!"

"He could say no more, Signore, for the queen had become a woman who stood with outstretched, appealing arms. All her soul and heart was yearning for his pity. So they stood for quite a minute, staring at one another, with the wind moaning aloud, neither able to speak. Then his face became softer, and he made a movement towards her, but he was a man who could never forget, and he stopped, turned, and disappeared among the mists. And I, an old man, had seen in that moment, Signore, that he loved this woman even as his brother had, and that she had broken his heart, too. But he had sworn vengeance and was a strong man, and could not be weak even when perhaps he wished it.

"Bendi told me afterwards, Signore, that he was Cathcart Seaton, your great Inglese millionaire, and that the next day he sailed in his white yacht, the *Ixion*, for the East. Is it not true that only the Madonna can give happiness?"

Jacopi stood thinking and nodding his head and muttering to himself.

"And what of the woman?" I asked, a long time afterwards.

"The woman," he repeated. "Ah, Signore, she had learned the great lesson at last, and they say she went into a convent, perhaps to find peace and contentment. I pray it may be so, but who can say? Ah, Signore, life's a laugh on the surface, but underneath . . . underneath . . ."

And as the vesper bell rang out, Jacopi turned away to lock up the little, time-stained church before setting off for the Pistoia, where he would find his pipe and friends and consolation awaiting him.

And as I went slowly downwards towards Naples, the laughing, the gay, the never sad, and thought of Seaton, for all his millions wandering the world a restless, stricken-souled, haunted and lonely man, I reflected that there was, after all, at least some truth in the philosophy of old Jacopi.

THE END.



# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

## Handicapping Reform.

We seem to come by many movements in the golf world in these days, and, as in all the other worlds, those can be depended upon for popularity which appeal to great majorities and suggest some substantial gain for them through the removal of disabilities and the righting of wrongs. So is it with the very latest movement in golf, which arouses more talk than any other and appeals to every player, while the worse the player the more does it appeal to him. Golfers are promised that if they do what is told them they shall win more matches, and that without becoming any more skilful or learning any more new methods or buying any more clubs or balls. It will happen automatically and certainly. The inferior golfers will win even more matches than the better ones; and yet this is not placing any premium on mediocrity, but merely doing justice to a section of the community which has long laboured under a great oppression. The intelligent reader will perceive that there is only one great measure of reform that could do so much, and that is some better adjustment of the system of handicapping. The argument of it—and it seems to be a very just argument—is that there is really nothing so wonderful as has long been supposed about the circumstance that in match-play tournaments and other competitions, but especially the former, the long-handicap men never seem to do themselves any sort of justice, and almost invariably fall an easy prey to the short-handicap men—players varying from plus something to minus not more than four or five. Hitherto it has always been supposed that the handicapping was fair enough, although there was some little mystery about it, and that the good players won on their merits—did so because of their superior steadiness and the moral effect it had on their opponents—and that the fact was that you really could not handicap the good men out of it, no matter what you did to them in the way of inflicting penalties.

However, the argument of the supporters of the new movement is directed mainly against the system

it is declared, to be allowed the full difference between the two handicaps, if not a trifle more, and the twenty-five per cent. tax that is laid upon him for playing with a better man practically demolishes his chances of victory before he starts, if both men play exactly to their proper handicap form. If the low handicap man is a trifle off his game, or if the other person plays above his form—which contingencies are not of infrequent occurrence—the high handicap man may win. There is no shadow of reason for the deduction of that twenty-five per cent., and the mystery overhanging it has led many to suspect the truth in recent times. When anyone tries to explain or justify it, he says that in stroke-play competitions an inferior player is much more likely than a better one to run up big scores at one or two holes, which would spoil his prospects unless some concession were made to him, and therefore he is given more strokes in stroke-play competitions than in match play. That is very well so far as it goes, and it justifies what difference there is being in favour of the long-handicap man in stroke-play competitions; but in actual practice, instead of settling the handicaps for match play and giving the man something extra for medal competitions, they leave him at the normal in these latter affairs and take something off for match play, which is not at all the same thing, being unjust to him and a great concession to his opponent. As a matter of fact, when the custom of making a difference in the handicap for the two methods of play

first originated, no deduction was made for match play, but an increase was allowed for the stroke game. Now the longer handicap men may urge that it is very fine and interesting to demonstrate the truth about these matters like this; but then they ask what is the use unless there is a remedy for their sufferings, which they do not espy. But there is one. In most cases they are under the delusion that this twenty-five per cent. tax is in the laws of the game or is attached to them in some form or other so as to be practically a part of them, when it is nothing of the kind. It is not in the code of laws nor in any enactment or suggestion issued from St.



ST. GEORGE AND HIS OPPONENT IN A NINE-HOLE MATCH: MR. HARRY DEARTH AND MR. R. G. MARGETSON.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



WORSE THAN DRAGON-KILLING: ST. GEORGE BUNKERED—MR. HARRY DEARTH PLAYING HIS MATCH IN FULL ARMOUR.

St. George, in the person of the well-known baritone, Mr. Harry Dearth, in the suit of armor in which he appeared recently in "The Crown of India," played a nine-hole match at Bushey Hall last week with Mr. R. G. Margetson. As a rule, Mr. Dearth, whose handicap is five, gives Mr. Margetson a half; on this occasion he received three strokes. Mr. Dearth lost by two up and one to play. His opponent did the nine holes in 44—two over bogey.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

of allowing only three-fourths of the difference between their handicaps to the inferior player in a match. For this deduction of twenty-five per cent. of the strokes to which he would seem to be entitled, it is urged there is no justification either in law

Andrews; and, what is more, they do not do their handicapping according to that system at the headquarters of the game. It is merely a custom, and one based on a misapprehension. The remedy? Simple enough. The man of longer handicap should insist in all private matches on getting his full allowance of the difference in handicaps. There is no law to prevent his doing so, no tradition to hamper him, and he has justice on his side.



ST. GEORGE'S CADDIE PROVES A FAITHFUL SQUIRE: MR. DEARTH IS "PULLED" UP HILL.

Photograph by Record Press.



ST. GEORGE ON A GREEN: MR. HARRY DEARTH, THE ARMOUR-CLAD, PUTTING.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

or reason; that the deduction is the result of a bold imposition which happened to come off at a time when there were fewer players, especially new ones, than there are now; and that it has got itself established as custom and sacrosanct. But the inferior player ought,



THE English Derby is the greatest race in the world, and it is meet, therefore, that the largest sweepstakes in the world should be held in connection with it. That sweepstakes is what is commonly called the "Calcutta Sweep." It has always been a big affair, but never so big as last year, when it was brought to our own doorsteps, so to speak, by the fact that an Englishman won the second prize.



AT THE KILDARE HUNT RACES AT PUNCHESTOWN: THE EARL OF DUDLEY AND HIS DAUGHTER, LADY HONOR WARD.

Lord Dudley, who is the second Earl, married, in 1891, Miss Rachel Gurney, and has four sons and three daughters. Lady Honor Ward is just twenty.

Photograph by Topical.

winner of the "Calcutta Sweep" last year—a fortunate Canadian doctor, resident in Calcutta; and as the sum has, so far, increased yearly, it is very probable that this year's winner will receive close upon £70,000. This stupendous sum is given through the working of a vast business, the ramifications of which are world-wide, controlled by the Calcutta Turf Club. The tickets for this huge affair are in great demand in every country, and the supply, extraordinary as it may seem in face of the thousands of tickets sold, is greatly inadequate to the demand. Thousands of people in England alone would gladly snatch at the chance of purchasing a ticket, and what is more, would be quite ready to pay a sum in excess of its face-value. The nominal value of one ticket is ten rupees.

#### How to Get Tickets.

It has become more difficult than ever to obtain the coveted tickets owing to the decision of the Turf Club to enforce more rigorously their regulations. Tickets are now issued strictly to members, and the name of the member obtaining each ticket is stamped on the back of the ticket. Thus the only means of an outsider getting tickets is through the members. There is no limit to the number a member may get.

#### Many Prizes Besides the First.

There are many fine prizes to be won in addition to the first prize. The prize-money, of course, depends entirely on the subscriptions, and the distribution is made on a per-centage basis as follows—Winner, 40 per cent.; Second, 20 per cent.; Third, 10 per cent.; Other starters divide between them, 10 per cent.; Other Horses entered, 10 per cent.; and for Expenses, 10 per cent. Total, 100 per cent. The last item but one includes any horse that was ever in the Derby in question, whether dead, scratched, or a non-runner. The holder of a coupon which has drawn the number of a dead horse or a non-runner may profit to the extent of something like £60.

#### The Sweep's Influence on Starters.

For holders of coupons which have drawn any horse that starts, the prizes are magnificent ones. This fact has had its effect on the race. It was, for instance, stated last year that one horse was sent to Epsom solely for the sake of making it one of the "other starters,"

the inference being that the owner of the coupon for that horse had persuaded the owner of the horse to let it go to the post for the sake of the "Sweep" prize-money attaching to it. The horse was an unconsidered one, and started at very long odds, although it ran very well.

#### £18,200 for a Workhouse Master.

There is not the slightest doubt that the Sweep is run in a scrupulously fair manner. The draw is made on the Saturday preceding the Wednesday on which the great race is run, and the owners of the tickets relating to the first twelve horses drawn are telegraphed to at once. The number of the ticket drawn for Stedfast (second in the Derby last year) was held by Mr. Awbery, Workhouse Master at Warrington, who had purchased three tickets. Conforming with the rule, he held them in a *nom-de-plume*, which was "Glenside, Dundee," and when he received the cable that ticket No. 211,915 had drawn Stedfast, he was almost overcome with his good fortune. He disposed of half a share in the ticket to a syndicate for £1200. His prize came to £34,000, so that after handing over the half-share, less the purchase-money, Mr. Awbery—who had bought the tickets from a Superintendent Nourse, who in turn got them from a member of the Club—netted £18,200 for an outlay of a few pence over £2.

#### £42,000 for a Lucky Doctor.

But what of the astounding fortune of the lucky owner of the ticket for the winner, Sunstar? This was Dr. Bolton, emigration agent for Trinidad, resident in Calcutta. He was dumbfounded to think that he was the favoured man of fortune to hold a piece of paper which meant the transferring of £60,000 from the pockets of thousands to his own. Like Mr. Awbery, Dr. Bolton was not slow to seek the substance for the shadow, and he accepted an offer of £12,000 for a half-share in his ticket. In all, he won his remaining half-share of the £60,000 and the



SNAPPED AT PUNCHESTOWN: THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT AND CAPTAIN WARNER.

The Marchioness of Headfort, who was Miss Rose Boote, daughter of Mr. Charles Boote, married the fourth Marquess in 1901. She has two sons and one daughter.

Photograph by Topical.



WIFE OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT'S CHAMBERLAIN: LADY WELDON AT PUNCHESTOWN.

Lady Weldon married Lieut.-Col. Sir Anthony Arthur Weldon, sixth Baronet, in 1902. She is a daughter of the late Col. Varty-Rogers. Her husband is State Steward and Chamberlain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Photograph by Topical.

£12,000 he took for the other half—£42,000.

#### Won by a Seaman and a Cook.

The luck of the draw in the great Sweep falls evenly on all classes, and not long ago the first prize was won by one of the crew of a steamer at sea. No means (in the then absence of wireless) were at hand to acquaint him with his luck, and he first heard of it on arriving at Perim, long before which time his horse had been inscribed on the list of Derby winners. On one occasion the winner was drawn by an Indian cook—a lady who was then earning only fifteen rupees a month.

#### A Warning.

There are a number of copies of the great Calcutta Sweep. The genuineness of some is under question, so that great caution should be exercised in the purchase of tickets bearing titles that look and sound very like the world-renowned one engineered at Calcutta. The official title of the sweepstakes is the "Calcutta Turf Club Derby Sweep."

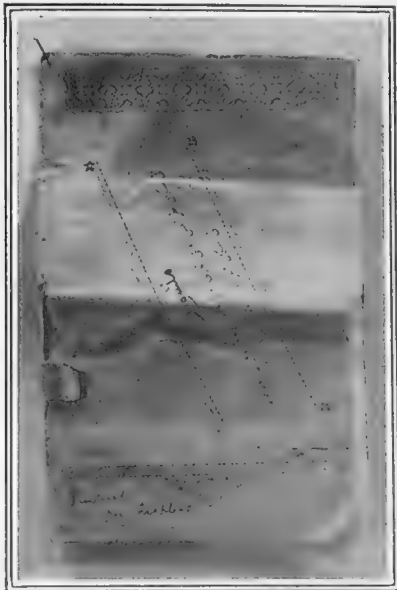


AT PUNCHESTOWN: MURIEL VIS-COUNTRESS HELMSLEY AND THE MARQUESS OF HEADFORT.

Muriel, Viscountess Helmsley was Lady Muriel Chetwynd-Talbot, daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. She married, first, Viscount Helmsley, who died in 1881, and secondly, Mr. Hugh Owen, who died in 1908. The Marquess of Headfort was born in 1878.—[Photograph by Topical.]



**The R.A.C. Guides.** Photographs of the Royal Automobile Touring Guides have appeared in several quarters, and the public who have not yet encountered one of these officials, who are sprinkled somewhat widely over the country, may gather some idea as to the appearance they present when on duty. The uniform is darkish-grey in tone, with blue-cloth facings, while over the peak of the cap appear the letters "R.A.C." in brass. In a neat case on a carrier in rear of his bicycle, which is finished in blue to match the uniform - facings, the guide carries a first-aid outfit, telegraph-forms, postcards, and postage-stamps, together with a detailed map of the district. The men are chosen from among time-expired men or ex-policemen, and for an intimate knowledge of the surrounding country. They will be found acquainted with the state of road-surfaces, the desirability of alternative routes, the locality of hotels



DISTRIBUTING "CIRCULARS" FROM AN ARMY AEROPLANE; ONE OF THE POLITICAL PAMPHLETS DROPPED TO TURKS AND ARABS BY AN ITALIAN MILITARY AIRMAN.

and repairers, while they can render "first aid," or summon medical assistance, if required. So far as one can learn, they seem to be on very good terms with the police.

#### Oil and Tools on New Cars.

It is curious to note the lack of attention to detail that characterises even the best of firms in little matters. Instances of want of final supervision will often be found when an owner takes delivery of a new car. It is seldom that the grease cups or force-feed lubricators have been fully charged and properly screwed home, twice or thrice, as they undoubtedly should be; and it must not be taken for granted that because grease is found in the cups that any of it has reached the particular parts it is intended to lubricate. I have an example in mind at the moment. It concerned a popular car, by one of the leading firms, of which a friend had just taken delivery, and proudly brought to me for inspection. Upon putting one's weight upon the foot-board, certain ominous squeakings were audible, and upon investigation it was found that though there was grease in the cups, they had never been screwed home, with the result that the shackle-pins were dry. The cups required filling twice or thrice and screwing right up before the grease exuded in a manner showing that it had reached its appointed place. Also, in the matter of tools supplied, the particular spanners and wrenches

intended for particular nuts should all be tested, for in some cases they will not fit, and the owner may find himself unable to screw up or to make adjustments when such may be very urgently required.

#### A Petrol-Jacketed Engine.

It must not for one moment be presumed that we are by any means at the end of our tether in the matter of engine-design, or that sleeve-valves, ring-valves, piston-valves, rotary-valves, etc., are in any way finite. Departures of a most interesting kind may be made in the method of using the fuel, as in the Diesel engine—indeed, an instance of this is already to hand in the case of the Low engine. In the case of this motor, the waste heat is utilised in a particularly ingenious manner. The petrol is vapourised by being used as the water-jacket medium, and being so vapourised, is admitted into the cylinder at the top of the compression-stroke of pure air compressed to 500 lb. to the square inch. Once the engine



MISSING SINCE HE STARTED ON A FLIGHT FROM HENDON TO DUBLIN, MR. D. LESLIE ALLEN.

Mr. Allen was last seen at a spot two miles distant from Holyhead, and then seemed to be flying well. He did not arrive at his destination, and at the moment of writing there are grave fears that he fell into the sea and was drowned.

is warm, self-ignition takes place. The petrol-vapour is admitted automatically through a piston-actuated valve in the head of the cylinder. With a bore and stroke of two inches by four inches, single-cylinder engine, 18-h.p. was obtained at 3400 r.p.m. This engine is quite revolutionary in design, and doubts might be expressed as to its future but for the fact that it is the production of an engineer of high scientific attainments and considerable practice. If successful, the reduction of weight for power should alter the whole environment of automobile engineering.

#### Hand-Flying Trials.

In a late issue of *The Sketch* I referred to the reported successful flight of a man-driven flying-machine dubbed an "Aviette" by our contemporary, *L'Auto*. It will be remembered that the machine was damaged in turning; anyway, no further attempts to demonstrate it have been chronicled. But that there is more in the matter than meets the eye is obvious from the fact that the great house of Peugeot, one of the oldest and most respected engineering firms in all France, have offered a sum of £400 as a prize or prizes in an open, man-driven flying-machine competition, to be held on June 2 next at the Parc des Princes. The design and character of the machines are left entirely to the entrants, but they must rise at least ten metres from the ground, and fly between two parallel lines ten metres apart, both out and home, without extraneous assistance of any kind. The Peugeot Prize will go to the first man to fly the double journey on or after June 1.



CIRCULARISING THE ENEMY: AN ITALIAN MILITARY AIRMAN DROPPING POLITICAL PAMPHLETS TO THE TURKISH SOLDIERY AND THEIR ARAB ALLIES.

We are able to reproduce this remarkably interesting drawing by courtesy of "The Illustrated London News," which gives the following note upon it: "Much has been said of the part both heavier-than-air and lighter-than-air flying-machines are playing in the Italo-Turkish War. We ourselves have given a number of illustrations of the Italian army airmen at work in Tripoli, and on various scenes of fighting; but never one so unusual as this. As all the world knows, the Italian flying-machines have been scouting and bomb-dropping; now we see one of them pamphleteering, dropping into the Turkish lines paper-covered circulars, in booklet form, dealing with the war, printed in Arabic, and addressed to the inhabitants of Tripoli, Benghazi, Derna, Tobruk, and Fezzan, and those of Libya and the neighbourhood. One of these pamphlets Mr. Seppings-Wright sent to England. He says that the airman informed the Turks that Beirut had been bombarded—a statement they did not believe."

[Continued on a later page.]

## FOR BALL-ROOM USE? THE EXTRA!



52962. Germany.

YET ANOTHER STRANGE AND STRENUOUS DANCE: THE GIANT SWING.

Yet another strange and strenuous dance comes from the United States—and is here illustrated. It is called, as we have noted, the Giant Swing. The correspondent who sends the photographs says: "It takes years of practice, and so is not recommended to the amateur. It is not so bad as it looks—for the athletic."

Photographs by L.N.A.

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Sweet, "Silly"  
Sussex.

Who gave the epithet "silly" to Sussex I do not know, unless it was an envious neighbour in Kent or Hants, but that it is sweet—even adorable—in this wonderful April weather there is no manner of doubt. In Downland, in springtime, it is a joy to be alive, and as for amusement, the choice is endless. Lambs point-to-point racing is, as a diversion, not easily beaten, for nothing can be more exhilarating than to watch these woolly creatures competing on the turf, while their mothers browse placidly near, telling each other, philosophically, that "lambs will be lambs." Then, if you are in love with colour, you can lie on your back and look at the incredible blue—so pure, so ethereal—of this English sky seen through puffs, and clumps, and bundles of pinky-white apple-blossom. You can steal off into the woods and hear that most optimistic of vernal sounds, the cuckoo-call, which somehow suggests, all of a sudden, the whole pomp of summer. If you are an amateur of flowers, behold, the world is jewelled for you with cowslips, bluebells, king-cups, and daisies, while the gardens are ablaze with tulips, beautiful with plots of forget-me-nots, and rosy with the first rhododendrons. And towering over these beauties is the background of chalk hills covered with soft turf and patches of freshly leafed larches which we know as the South Downs.

Chanctonbury  
Broods.

Chanctonbury Ring is an imposing mountain, and it broods, majestically enough, over such ephemeral things as appeal to our frail humanity. Someone tells me that the mysterious ring of woodland on its summit was only planted by its owners less than a hundred years ago, and this sounds incredible when you have ascended, at sunset, to the top, for then you will readily concede, with the peasantry, that fairies and pixies haunt the spot; while to see the sun go down and an awesome twilight creep up through the mysterious trunks of the Ring brings up visions of Druids, of savage Britons at bay, of clanking Roman legions. Chanctonbury, in a word, "has seen a lot," and nothing, perhaps, more amazing than the horseless carriages which whirl along the roads, and the beautiful white dragon-flies, piloted by a hooded human being, which fly, nowadays, high up in the blue ether to the other side of the Channel. Chanctonbury broods, for it is going to see many more surprising happenings than these. We are an unforeseeing, foolhardy, happy-go-lucky race. Who knows if Chanctonbury will long look down on an inviolate England?

The Garden  
Underneath.

The garden below, where I sit, knows nothing of these things, for it is all sweetness and order, beauty and elegance. It expresses all the essentials of an English country home—its sanity and health, its gracious peace and cultivated charm. You can pace its uneven flagstones—between whose chinks grow tall, impudent pink daisies—

and feast your eyes on great patches of cunningly planted blue, wine-coloured, or flaming golden flowers. Then, the clipped dwarf bay-trees, in tubs, give just a hint of sophistication to the garden, while the weather-beaten sun-dial gravely records the hours as they leisurely pass, and curved white seats, disposed under flowering trees, invite you to sit and meditate on the folly of living in crowded attics and jostling with your fellow men and women. To the left, fat cattle browse on park-like land, and a group of chubby urchins, with their nurses, are taking tea on the grass; to the right the open windows of the house show a farm kitchen turned into a Chippendale dining-room, with all that the transformation implies, and in front Chanctonbury Ring raises its sheer front to your gaze. And Chanctonbury broods.

The Roman  
Country House.

Not far off, if we want to moralise on the evanescence of mundane grandeurs, we can go and see all that is left of the famous Roman villa at Bignor, with its oval dining-room, atrium, and the site of its baths. Here are wonderful tessellated floors, some with elaborate pictures of Juno and the peacocks, all with intricate patterns and vivid in colour. This country house—as unlike an English villa as the Kremlin is unlike Piccadilly Circus—was a vast building or mass of buildings covering many acres. It belonged, it is supposed, to the Roman Governor, whose official residence must have been at Chichester, and I dare swear it contained the last word in luxury and decoration as they understood it in Hadrian's Rome. For, like ourselves, the Romans were enamoured of country life with every *raffinement*; they were inveterate week-enders, and were continually running away to the so-called quiet of their villa at Tivoli or their Sabine farm. So, under the shadow of these rolling downs, the Roman men and women had their house parties and gave their festal dinners. How many went home, I wonder, and how many stayed in this green island? Chanctonbury knows, and Chanctonbury broods.

A Home for  
a Poet.

More interesting, to the modern, is the country home which is a building for the greatest living English poetess. This is a dreadful word, but how else can you write of a woman who embodies beautiful thoughts in verse? This home began by being a picturesque timbered cottage, and it still has a whitewashed, rafted parlour hung with unpublished poems of famous writers and sketches by world celebrities. Presently there will be a vast study lined with books, while round the grounds are ranged other houses where the married children are

to live. Acres of beautiful country surround this ideal abiding-place, and all of them belong to the fortunate writer and her husband. Very little of it will be groomed, and tamed, and clipped into gardens and grounds. It will be just the country-side, with woods, and heath, and water, melting into the beautiful Sussex landscape.



IN THE NEWEST MODE: A PANIER GOWN.

This is one of Mme. Chéruit's models: it is made of mauve taffeta, and has on the hem of the skirt a deep edging of bead embroidery; the sleeves are slightly puffed into the tight wristbands.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 13.*

## CANADIAN PACIFICS.

FOR a long time past we have consistently advised correspondents that Canadian Pacifics were worth holding for £250, but the recent activity has carried the price well over this figure, and the question now arises as to whether they are worth holding at their present price of 260. On a 10 per cent. basis, the shares yield about 4 per cent., and although traffics make a wonderful showing, the increase in the gross figures since July 1 being over 14,000,000 dollars, it hardly seems likely that there will be an increase in the rate of distribution. There has recently been an agitation in Canada for the reduction of freight charges, and any increase in dividends would naturally be seized upon as an argument in favour of this; then again, a large expenditure upon increased rolling stock has got to be met this summer, and probably a considerable part of the increased profits will be so expended.

The attraction, therefore, at present price appears to exist entirely in the prospect of a bonus of some sort, and in this connection rumours have been plentiful for some time past that the Land and Railway interests are to be split up, and also that developments are pending with regard to the Shipping interests owned by the Company. It is persistently stated in several quarters that they are bound for 300, and we should not care to prophesy to the contrary: Berlin has been responsible for a large part of the recent buying, and operators over there rarely make mistakes. On the other hand, we cannot help feeling that, from an investor's point of view, the present price represents somewhere about value.

## ARGENTINE LAND COMPANIES.

On several occasions, when dealing with Argentine Railway Companies, we have referred to the prospects for a fine maize crop this year, and everything continues to point to the probability of the value of this crop alone amounting to something between fifteen and twenty millions. This fact and the general prosperity of the country have caused some attention to be given to the shares of the various Land Companies operating in the Argentine, and we consider that this section will well repay a little study.

The chairman of the Santa Fé Land Company is now in the Argentine, and rumour declares that negotiations are in progress for the sale of a large block of land. The Company at present owns some 2,900,000 acres, which stand in the balance-sheet at about 2s. 3d. per acre. During 1910-11 about 132,000 acres were sold, and the proceeds of these sales, together with returns from investments, etc., enabled the directors to pay 12½ per cent.—the same rate as paid the year before. There has been a considerable advance in the shares since the beginning of the year, and they now stand at 57s. The yield, therefore, is not very large, but it appears certain that the dividends will eventually be increased, and the shares look good for a rise.

The Santa Fé and Cordova Great Southern Land Company is another that is doing very well, and the shares, at a little over 6, offer considerable scope for improvement. The acreage owned is comparatively small, but the land is valuable and well cultivated, and there seems little doubt that it could to-day be realised to return the shareholders more than the present market valuation of the shares. Again, the yield is small, but we confidently expect to see an advance to at least 7 before the end of the year.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Some breathing-space from the excitable gambling of the last few weeks is not bad for the House. The pace has been very hot: a lot of money has been made—on paper, at any rate—and it is only in the natural order of events that some of it should be lost again. The rises during the past couple of months have been terrific, and the public have been in the market to a greater extent than is usually the case when these fireworks are going on. The nineteen-day account provides a lull and a rest. Much as we all like to see our stocks and shares going up, the most enthusiastic of us is fain to admit that an occasional set-back is no bad thing for our markets. I don't mean a set-back in the sense of the Anglo-Continental slump, but rather in that of the relapses of a point or two from the best which have occurred in Kentish Railway stocks. These latter in their way are good, and provide convenient places from which fresh bulls can enter the market.

About the Anglo-Continental scandal, the less said perhaps the better. It is impossible to disentangle rumour from truth, probability from suggestion, or liquidation from sales made on inside knowledge. The slump has affected most of us one way or another, and people whose pockets have been touched by a ramp of this sort are very apt to use Parliamentary language. Senator Smith himself could not put a greater number of questions than those which everyone asks as to the origin and reason of the collapse in Anglo-Continentials, and nobody is here to answer them. For what my view may be worth—and that, probably, is extremely little—I think that the selling will be allowed to exhaust itself before the supporters come in again to push the shares up. In the process the price may have to go even lower, but that there will be an upward reaction it is difficult

not to believe. The wary man, however, stands from under. It is a fool's game to play against loaded dice.

Turning to a more salubrious subject, I noticed that my sapient editor in last week's *Sketch* was saying unkindly things about Dover "A." and Little Chatham. He did not, however, send me an order to sell a bear of them, so that, while I may not respect his convictions, I admire his principles. Nevertheless, your humble servant shares with too big a crowd in the Stock Exchange the view that Doras, Chatham, and Berthas are all going better. Put them away for some months. It is no use going out to snatch differences unless you happen to have been born beneath a lucky star, and even then you may get caught in an eclipse. Most banks will take up the stuff for you if you do not feel inclined to do so yourself, and I feel pretty sure that you will romp home some time before the year is out. The Kent Coal business is very far indeed from being over. When it is proved that coal can be produced on a commercial basis, and in plenty, from the fields of Kent; when it is evident that the Southern lines will assuredly benefit by the discoveries; when, in short, the fortune of the industry is provided beyond a doubt—then it will be right to sell the afore-mentioned trio of railway stocks. But, up to the consummation of Mr. Arthur Burr's expectations, the tendency, I take it, will be to have these stocks higher. Only don't go gambling with the idea of making a five-pound note next day, for, if you do, the betting is all in favour of the deal going awry. Ridiculous as the theory may seem, its soundness has been indelibly stamped on the minds of many luckless speculators.

The Yankee Market is very quiet. There is nothing much going on to give a lead one way or the other, but some of the more cautious jobbers there tell me to stick to Unions, by reason of the dividends which the Company is paying, and which are likely to be maintained. Other Railway markets are interesting enough. The Leopoldina dividend is expected every day. Last year it was £3 10s.; this year look out for £2 10s. The Buenos Ayres and Pacific dividend disappointment has been almost wiped out in the more mature consideration that the directors' policy of caution is the correct one. Hang on to Trunks. In the backwash of a nineteen-day account they may go back a little, but this need not frighten you out of the stock. Underground Electric shares at 4½ are quite high enough, but they will probably go higher. The Income Bonds at 92 are an investment which can be relied upon to reach par, unless the skies fall. They tell me—yes, they tell me that I am getting very verbose, and that if I do not confine my remarks within more narrow limits you, reader mine, are likely in future to lose the inestimably valuable lucubrations of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

## OIL.

Popular interest has died out of the Rubber Market and is being devoted to Oil shares, Marconis, Underground Electric "A" shares, and other such active varieties. The Oil boomlet is progressing merrily, and the excitement in Ural Caspians, Shells, and some of the Maikop group runs high. Of course, the Coal Strike provided the finest advertisement that could have been conceived for Oil Companies, while the fact that the price of the crude stuff keeps so high makes an added incentive to speculative buyers. Shells, we know, are expected by the high authorities to touch 7, at all events. Maikop Victory shares are a popular tip. We hear that Grosny have by no means reached the end of their tether at 30s. The properties are adjacent to those of the Spies Company, and with the market in its present temper, Grosnys might get up to a couple of pounds, though the speculative buyer would probably be content to take a smaller profit.

## THE MARCONIS.

"Too hot to touch," is the verdict of many people who try to sum up the case for and against Marconi shares. Just now, the balance of rise and fall is being regulated by the speculative account, and the price moves independently of merit. Yet to take up and keep, even at £8, Marconis are not without their fascination. American Marconis we should not touch, but the tip to buy Canadians comes from two or three good sources, and there seems to be reason in it. As we correct these proofs, Canadian Marconis stand about 33s.; there is a big, a too big, bull account, and naturally, the gamble in the parent shares affects the quotation for Canadians. The buyer, therefore, requires courage, which, however, seems likely to be rewarded. Let us hasten to add that the shares are not for the widow and the orphan: they are a speculation, and as such they must be regarded until much greater developments have taken place in the direction of profit-earning.

## MEXICAN RAILWAY COMPANY MEETING.

In view of the disturbed state of Mexico and the fluctuations that have taken place in the price of the various issues of the Mexican Railway Company, the chairman's speech at the meeting last week was of especial interest. The main part of the speech, of course, was concerned with the final six months of last year, and so far as it related to this period his remarks were certainly encouraging, but with regard to the current six months it was obvious that he had considerable misgivings.

Oil fuel seems to be an unqualified success, and with the exception of a few narrow-gauge engines it is now in use throughout the system, and it was owing to the resulting economies that so good a showing was made in the face of a decrease in gross receipts.

Turning to the current six months, traffics have not so far been much affected by the political troubles, but Mr. Yorke stated that a cable had just been received from the general manager saying that immediate prospects of business are not at all good, and he

(Continued on page 130.)

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Making Others Happy.

There is no more sure way of securing the happiness of others than thinking of them and giving good evidence of having done so. The person who says, "My wife has a birthday to-day," and breathlessly hurries to buy her something she doesn't want, has not begun to know the joy of dispensing happiness. Present-giving is always with us, but the selection of suitable gifts is something of a science. It is one which can be adequately studied only in such houses as those of Mappin and Webb. Whether at 2, Queen Victoria Street; 158, Oxford Street; or 220, Regent Street, there can always be found a wonderful variety of really delightful presents, also all that is new and convenient. There is in jewellery a wonderful assortment of small enamel and platinum, and jewelled brooches and pendants, suitable for bridesmaids' presents, charmingly pretty, and at most moderate prices. Quite new and lovely are platinum flexible watch-bracelets; some have diamonds all round the flexible links, others only round the watches, others are plain; all are wonderfully smart-looking and practically everlasting. There are leather and suede wristlets, with the watch fitted into an enamel plaque shaped to the wrist—these are in many colours, and are all lovely; they are at various prices, and anyone of them would make a really acceptable present. There are new-shaped ruby-and-diamond and sapphire-and-diamond brooches, the setting invisible—in fact there is a great choice of really beautiful and up-to-date things. Of useful and attractive fancy things there is no end. What more useful and compact than



MODERN WAYFARERS IN SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND: CYCLING IN WARWICKSHIRE.

Whatever changes three centuries have wrought in buildings, vehicles, and costume, the beauty of Shakespeare's country remains much what it was in his time. The cyclists seen in the photograph are riding B.S.A. machines, the well-known product of the Birmingham Small-Arms Factory. In Shakespeare's day the Queen of the Midlands was a town of small account, yet it had a grammar-school (King Edward's), founded in 1552, twelve years before the poet's birth.

a silver-mounted nail-polisher, containing every requisite for manicure? Sets of brushes and toilet-bottles in enamel and silver-gilt are not only lovely to look at, but practical, because they require so little care and no cleaning, save an occasional rub with a leather. Boxes and photograph-frames, also in enamel of many and richest, as well as most delicate, colours, make also really welcome presents.

### Novelties in Leather.

A telephone address-book under headings is a useful gift. A case for visitors' rooms in country houses contains detachable sheets of paper for notes, with envelopes to match in a neat leather case. A shopping list, also neatly done up in leather, is ingenious. Besides the list is a series of small docketts neatly printed, with the owner's name and address. These save all trouble of giving name and address to salespeople. A bag in coloured leather, on silk cords, with tassels, having a flexible silver-gilt rim, and fitted with mirror, purse, and powder-puff, is a charming gift. Fitted picnic-baskets of all kinds, and a lady's race-going companion, containing note-book, glasses, powder-puff, and mirror, are seasonable presents. For the houses of friends there are lovely things in silver. A dessert-dish which stands, or can be most conveniently handed about in the shape of a shell, costs only £3 3s. A flower-bowl with pierced edges on an oak plinth is very handsome and of quite a new design. New in idea, too, is a set of dessert-dishes, standing high, octagonal in shape, with tazza-shaped handles; these are in three sizes. A cut-glass whisky or brandy bottle, with a silver band round the top, is a useful and charming gift for 15s. Twelve fish knives and forks, twelve dessert ditto, a pair of fish-servers, and a pair of pie-servers

in a case, the design copied from the good Georgian period, make a delightful present. Prince's plate, which is the next thing to solid silver, also offers infinite variety of choice. In every department of these fine shops there is plenty of choice of gifts; the fact that it is Mappin and Webb's is a guarantee of excellence.

### An Aid to Brightness.

The result of spring cleaning is uplifting of spirit: everything in the house is sweet and clean; it gives pleasure to touch, smell, and look at all the domestic treasures. The magician who has largely contributed to this end dwells in a rubber-corked bottle, and is called Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia Fluid. If it is cloudy itself, it makes all it comes in contact with bright. It is called in many households "the one and only indispensable," and invariably proves its right to the title.

### Makes Luxury of Necessity.

We must use soap, we must have scent, we must use salves for skin and lips. The Vinolia Company make of all these necessities luxuries as well! Their preparations are so elegant and dainty, as well as of such proved excellence, that it is a real pleasure to use and to recommend them. No fancy prices are claimed for them; the fine quality is given at moderate price. Men swear by Vinolia shaving-sticks; women who love their complexions put their faith in the soap. Owners of pretty teeth use the mouth-wash and tooth-cleansers, and all who are olfactory connoisseurs love the haunting and refreshing perfumes, which are quite out of the beaten track of scents, being very refined and charming. The Vinolia Cream is also a wonderful favourite with those of us who help our skins to do their best for us.

### May Month: Late Winds and Seasonable Sun.

We suffer with our skins when cold winds blow and hot sun shines, as they have been doing lately. Crème Simon is the antidote, and a charming one it is. It keeps one's skin perfectly healthful, and is most pleasant to use. Those who are jealous of the world-wide fame of this Crème have accused it of a tendency to cause hairy growths. The falsity of such a statement is easily proved by the fact that many hundreds of ladies have used it daily for the last fifty years, and that Messrs. J. Simon et Cie, 59, Faubourg St. Martin, Paris, have never received a complaint on this score. The Crème represents a perfect hygienic product. Its superiority was once more attested at the Turin Exposition, when it received "Hors Concours," the highest distinction.



FOR THE BEST DOG IN THE CHINESE CHOW CLUB'S SHOW: THE "LONSDALE" CHALLENGE TROPHY.

The "Lonsdale" challenge trophy, which takes the form of a Chinese chow, is offered for the best dog in the show. It is held temporarily, and cannot be won outright. The model, which is in solid silver gilt and rests on a green marble base, is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., of 112, Regent Street, W.



LOOKING FOR HAPPINESS—AND FINDING IT—AT HOME: MISS EVA MOORE (MRS. H. V. ESMOND), WHO IS TO APPEAR IN "LOOKING FOR TROUBLE," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Miss Eva Moore, who in private life is Mrs. H. V. Esmond, is shortly to be seen in a three-act farcical comedy, "Looking for Trouble," at the Aldwych. The photograph, taken in the garden of their charming house at Maidenhead Thicket, shows her with her husband and their little daughter Jill, who, naturally, has a brother named Jack.—[Photograph by C.N.]

*Continued from page 128.]*

therefore feared that traffics would suffer. No disturbances have as yet taken place in the district served by the railway, and he hoped that Madero's Government will shortly be generally recognised. From the above it is clear that the outlook for the immediate future is not very promising, but the fact that a dividend of  $1\frac{7}{8}$  per cent. can be paid in a year that was admittedly a difficult one augurs well for the future, and we are inclined to think the Ordinary stock would pay to lock up for a few months.

#### BARRIERS.

Recommendations put forward here a few weeks ago of Broken Hill Norths, Proprietaries, and others of the Barrier group look pleasant in the light of the rises that have followed, and now comes the question whether profits ought to be secured or not. We think there is no need to hurry selling. One is gambling, of course, against the possibility of silver, lead, and spelter having a set-back, but the risk looks worth while. The Broken Hill Proprietary Company has raised its quarterly dividend to  $1s. 6d.$  per share, and the current price includes this amount, so that at  $52s.$ , the yield is 12 per cent. on the money. British Broken Hills are favoured by some people because of the rapidity with which the price moves when the market is good, while Norths at  $6\frac{1}{2}$  are perhaps the cheapest of the lot.

#### "THE OIL AND PETROLEUM MANUAL."

We have received a copy of the new edition of the above excellent little book, which is the recognised book of reference on this subject. It contains full particulars of nearly 600 Oil and Petroleum Companies, and, in addition, lists of directors, secretaries, and consulting engineers. The fullest and most up-to-date particulars are given of each company, with the location of property, purchase consideration, number of wells sunk, output, and financial position as disclosed by accounts, also latest price of shares. The book is published at the reasonable price of  $2s. 6d.$  net.

Saturday, April 27, 1912.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNORAMIA.—Your investments are all good and well spread. You could not have done better. We presume you mean Argentine National Mortgage Bank Bonds. If so, they are excellent.

REEF.—We would rather not advise. The whole gamble has been very unsavoury, and only fit for insiders to join in.

KIFFIAR.—Both causes have contributed to the fall. We think it is a bad egg, and that to hold on is useless.

Socco.—There is no such Company. The British Burmah Petroleum Company, Ltd., and the Burmah Oil, we know; but not the concern you name.

G. M. M.—Your letter was answered on the 26th inst.

The report and accounts of *Mappin and Webb (1908) Ltd.* to Dec. 31, 1911, just issued, make pleasant reading for the shareholders. The net profit for the year 1911 amounted to £75,257, which, with £12,315 brought forward, makes £87,572 available. Debenture interest absorbs £10,593; the Preference dividend is paid, and 9 per cent. for the year on the Ordinary shares, while the Reserve gets £12,000, and £15,746 is carried forward. A new branch has been opened at Rio de Janeiro, and it is proposed to extend the Brazilian business to San Paulo. We anticipate that the general meeting, called for April 30, will be a very harmonious and congratulatory function.

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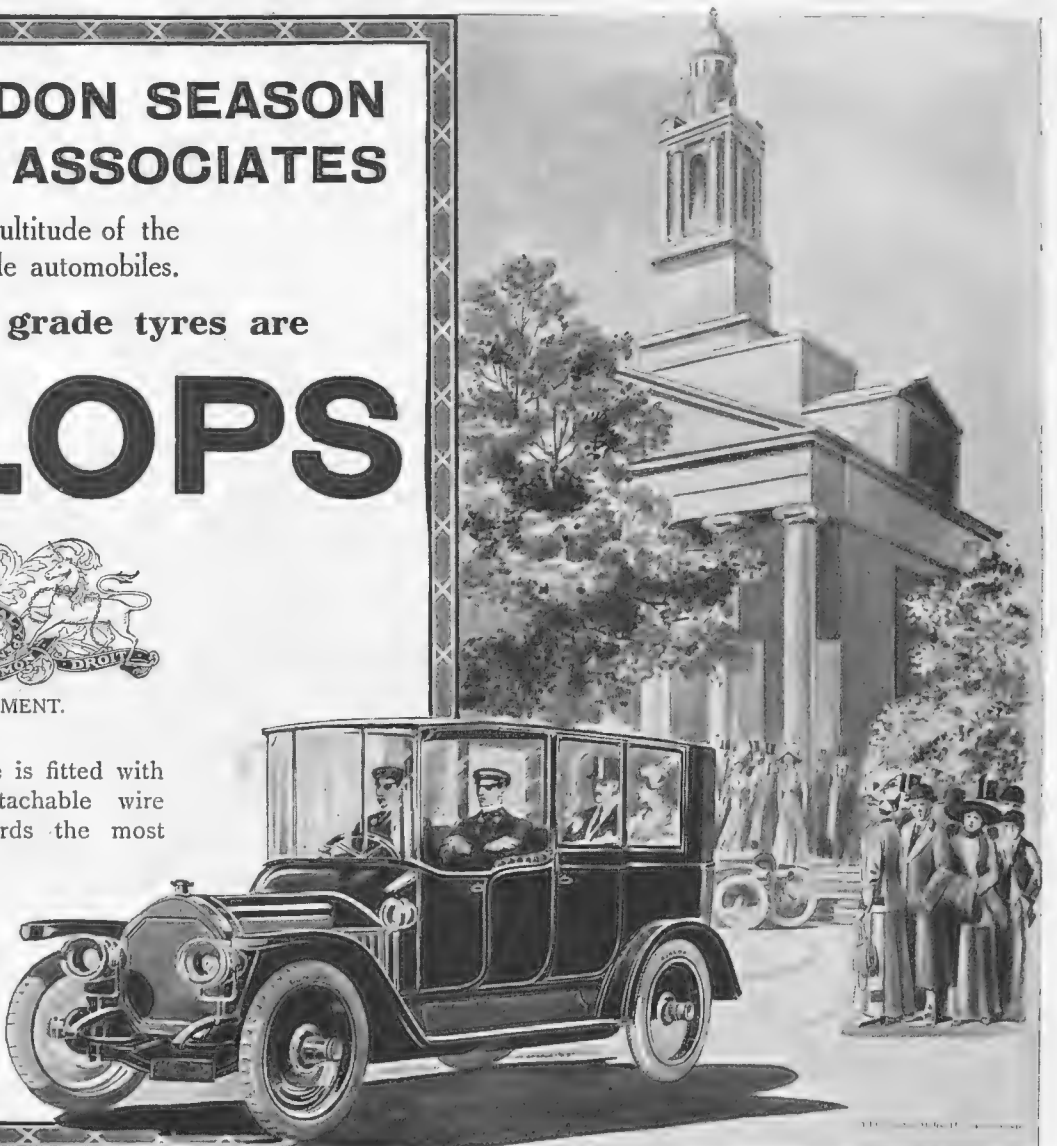
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WITH introduction of four new models, Messrs. Brinsmead have further added to their long list of distinctions, such a number of original creations produced in one season being without precedent.

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Never before have instruments with such characteristics been produced at so low a price. It is an event in Brinsmead history; an achievement. It is the outcome of many years' arduous study, unrelenting labour, and vast experiment—and the response, alike from musicians and the public, offers splendid justification.

To all interested in these latest Brinsmead triumphs a copy of the New 1912 Catalogue will be sent (post free, on application to Dept. 4)—a beautifully illustrated book giving a complete description of the Brinsmead ideal, explaining the making of a piano perfect in tone, touch, and durability.

The address of the local agent will be forwarded if requested.

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For most complexions *Icilma Cream* is a complete treatment in itself. For bad complexions and for open or coarse pores, which are a sign the skin is not in a natural condition, the following treatment is specially recommended: Wash regularly with *Icilma Natural Water Soap*, using tepid water—dry with a warm towel, and apply *Icilma Natural Water* freely. After a few minutes gently wipe the skin and apply a little *Icilma Cream*, removing any excess with a soft handkerchief. No lady who has persevered with this treatment has ever complained that benefit did not follow. It is far more effective than the most expensive "beauty treatments."

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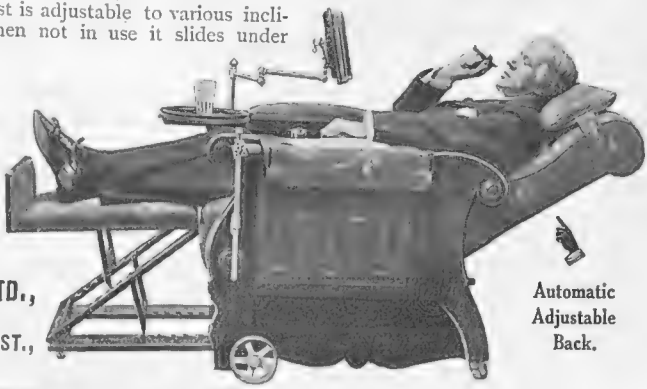
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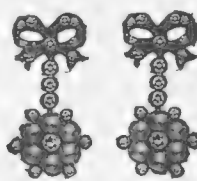


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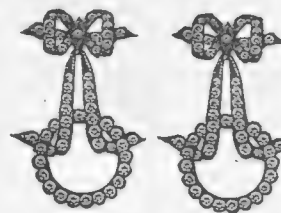


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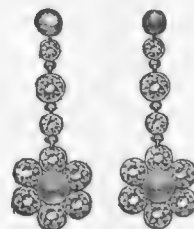
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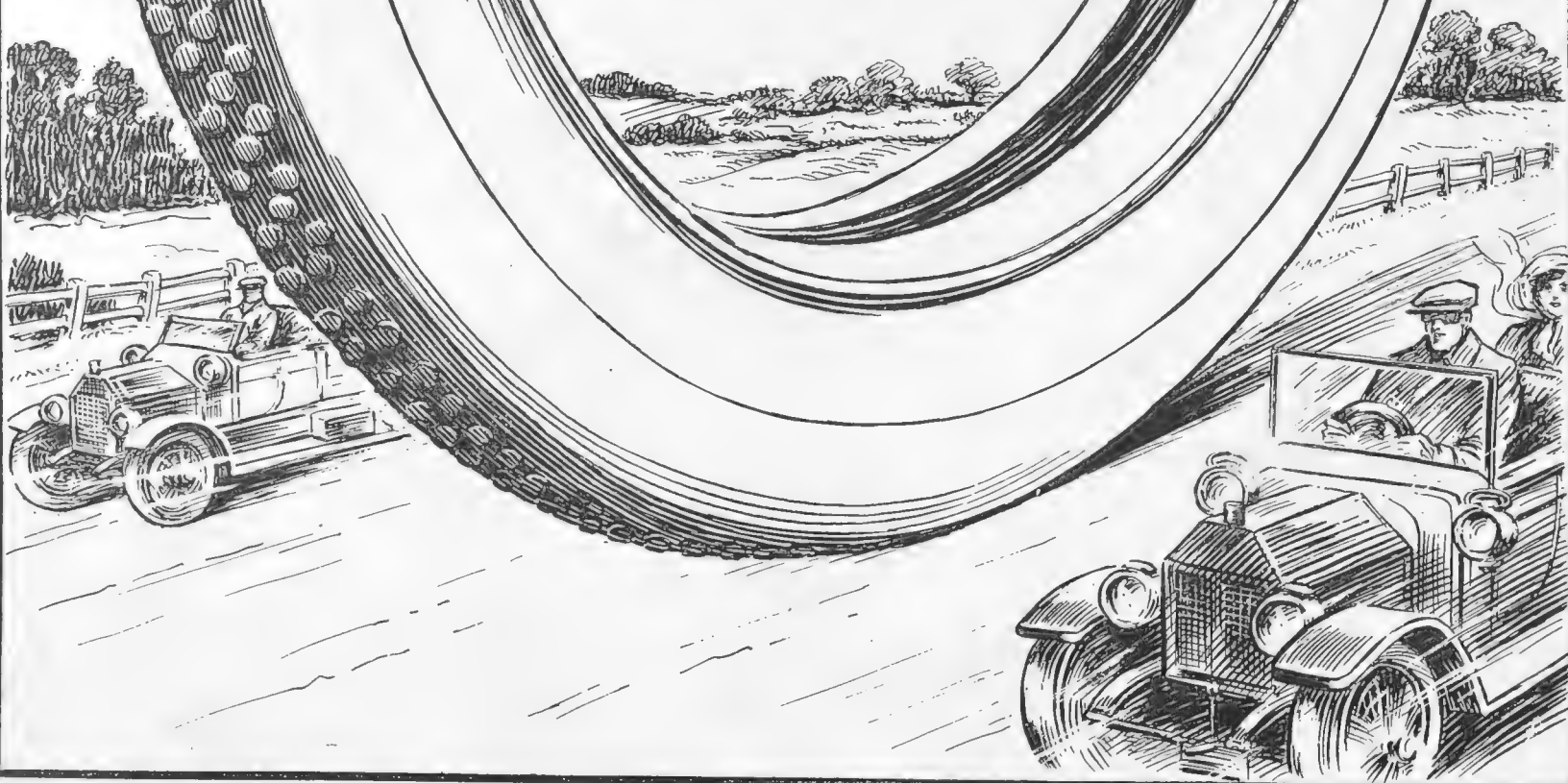
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How to Reduce Fat One Pound a Day, and then Always Remain **SLIM**. No Drugs, Medicines, Starvation Diet, Exercising or Apparatus used.

Arrangements Now Made to have all Stout Readers of this paper Receive a Free Copy of Dr. Turner's Wonderful Book,  
"How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds."

On returning from a recent trip, Dr. F. M. Turner, the physician, scientist, and traveller, who has won fame and world-wide renown through his writing and scientific researches, accorded an interview to Press representatives, who were astounded by his loss of more than 100 pounds of excessive fat since they last saw him. They found it difficult, indeed, to recognise in the slender, muscular, and perfectly proportioned form of Dr. Turner today the same man who only a few months ago they knew as a semi-invalid, so enormously fat that he could hardly walk.

When questioned concerning his health and remarkable change in his appearance, Dr. Turner said that neither illness, medicine, starvation, dieting, nor strenuous exercise had caused him to lose his excess weight. In fact, he said that fatty degeneration had eaten into his vital organs to such an extent that it would have been foolhardy to even attempt the usual methods of reduction, and he was forced to seek other means of escape from his former terrible condition.

On being questioned further, the Doctor said: "When I began to feel the stuffy, cramped feeling inside, which, as a physician, I recognised as the first tell-tale symptom of fatty degeneration, and when my heart pounded and throbbed at times so that it shook my whole body and seemed about to burst, I knew from these warnings that the end was approaching very rapidly, and even the examining physician of a large Life Insurance Company, when refusing point blank to accept me as a risk, told me I was likely to drop dead any minute. I tried every means of reduction known to medical science, but without the slightest relief. I then became desperate, and began to use all the advertised treatments I have ever heard of. These not only failed to help me, but they did considerable harm, one nearly causing my death on account of the powerful drugs it contained. Although a physician, I am strongly opposed to the use of drugs in treating obesity. There are also treatments put on the market by persons who are without a physician's training, and I firmly believe that if I had continued one or two of the methods recommended by these ignorant so-called specialists I would now be in my grave.

"My discovery came about in this way: When seeking data for some literary work I found a reference to the manner in which the Japanese were said to easily overcome any tendency to take on superfluous flesh. I knew that the Japs are comparatively heavy eaters, and that their diet consists largely of rice, the most starchy, and therefore the most fat-forming, of all grains. I had often wondered why, in spite of these facts, the Japanese, both men and women, always present such a slender, trim, neat appearance.

"After having long talks with several native authorities on such matters, I determined to

give this Japanese method a short trial, and I was fairly startled to behold the wonderful change it made in my appearance, and the improvement in my health that was noticeable from the very first. My fat began to vanish at the rate of one pound a day, sometimes more. I knew I had at last discovered the secret that had been vainly sought for years, and I continued the treatment until I had lost more than 100 pounds in weight. I became stronger with every pound I lost, and soon regained all my old-time vigour of both body and mind.

"It made me feel 20 years younger to be rid of all the fat that had formed inside and outside my body. After discontinuing the treatment and keeping a careful record of my weight for more than two months, I was delighted to find that reduction was permanent, nor has my fat shown the slightest tendency to return since then.

"Can you imagine my ecstasy of joy and inexpressible relief, the tremendous load that was lifted from my mind, when, after all my sufferings, I discovered almost by accident this secret method that enabled me to rid myself of 100 pounds of fat, and which transformed me from a hopeless, helpless wreck into a perfect specimen of physical manhood again? I have now been gladly accepted by the same large Insurance Company that previously rejected me."


Dr. Turner then went on to explain the treatment he discovered, and while anyone must admit that it is a logical method and undoubtedly effective to a wonderful degree, yet it is so simple that even a child can understand it and obtain highly satisfactory results. Surely no stout person need any longer feel that he or she must remain fat.

Lack of space prevents a full description of the entire method here, but Dr. Turner has described it in an extremely interesting little booklet entitled, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds," and by special arrangement it is now announced that these valuable booklets, while they last, are to be distributed absolutely free to those suffering from stoutness who are sufficiently interested to send two penny stamps for postage and packing. The books are sent in plain wrapping, and there are now about 1000 left. When these are gone he may not have any more printed for some time, as he is planning another long trip, and will probably have no time to give the matter attention again until he returns.

The Doctor's present address is F. M. Turner, c.o. the Dr. Turner Co. (Dept. 734 B), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., and any requests sent there during the next few days will be given prompt attention. All who are interested are urgently advised to obtain this wonderful book, and begin reducing weight immediately, as such a chance as this may never present itself again.

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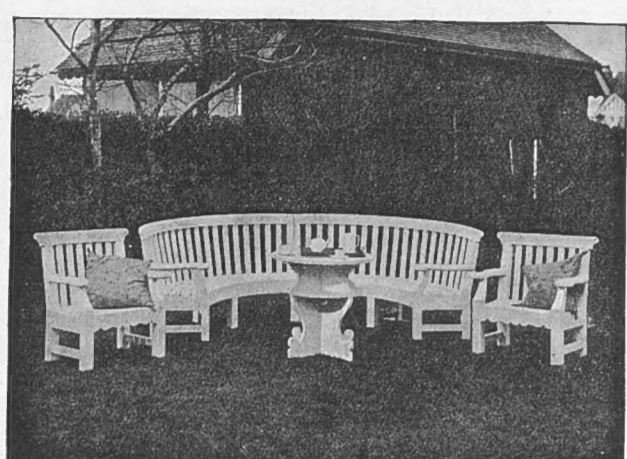
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Mem. Get it to-day.



## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Shooting the  
Motorist While  
He Flies.

I admit the sheer necessity of teaching the young idea how to shoot, and excellent training of the hand and eye can be obtained by the use of that antique weapon the catapult. But when ambitious youth endeavours to emulate the running-deer practice of Bisley, and lets fly his rubber-impelled missile at passing cars, the practice exceeds the promise. This view has been taken by the A. A. and M. U., who instituted proceedings against a youth for letting fly a stone at a car entering the village of Howden-le-Wear, and smashing the wind-screen. The dangerous nature of the boy's action is comprehended when it is realised that the stone was discharged towards the advancing car, and struck the wind-screen with such force as to smash it. It would appear that the boys of this part of the world regard motorists as legitimate targets, so it is as well that the A.A. has taken action. The Bench considered the desirability of sending the youth to a reformatory, but ultimately fined him, with the expressed regret that they had no power to order the birch.

**Petrol by Coupon.** A contemporary, the *Motor*, is responsible for the statement that a petrol-vending firm in Germany has evolved a novel, and withal a very desirable and welcome, system of purchasing petrol. This firm issues a book of coupons bearing the addresses of all their agents, and with a book in his possession the motorist can purchase spirit at any of the depots, where the dealer is obliged to supply him with what he wants. This method would be welcome in this country, where the unhappy car-owner is never certain as to how much, to a 2d. or 3d. per gallon either way, he will be asked to pay. It would be thought that the cost of transport would interfere with a flat price obtaining all over the country, but it is suggested that the enterprising firm referred to are more than recouped for the freight to distant places by the ready-money payments for the coupon-books, and the fact that they are assured that their petrol will and must be purchased. I hope one or other of our companies—say the Shell people, for instance—will think well enough of this scheme to give it a chance.

**Slow Through Maidenhead.** If there is one place other than the straitened Colnbrook which should be driven through with care, it is assuredly Maidenhead, whose main street narrows very dangerously in two or three places. It

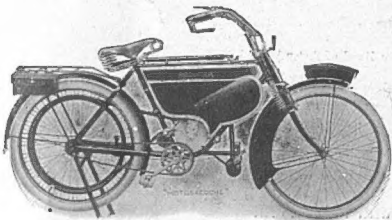
does not, therefore, say much for the forethought and consideration of some motorists that representations have been made to the A.A. and M.U. by the police in regard to a number of complaints received from the inhabitants with reference to the speed of motor-traffic through the town. The A.A. and M.U. have been asked to use their best endeavours to arrest the practice, as an alternative to timing operations being instituted by the police authorities, who, as I learn on very good authority, are very loth to do that. To avoid so undesirable a thing, the A.A. and M.U. are arranging to station patrols in such wise as to regulate the traffic, and it is earnestly hoped that motorists will appreciate the admirably reasonable attitude of the police, and conform to the suggestions of the patrols. Under these circumstances, the A.A. and M.U. would do the automobile state a service if they themselves would prosecute real offenders, whether their own members or no.

**Brooklands Next  
Saturday.**

Given fine weather, Brooklands should attract a big attendance on Saturday next, when seven motor-car and two motor-cycle races, and one flying event will be decided. The latter is the first aeroplane handicap to be decided at these grounds, and from the success which has attended the private handicaps arranged by the aviators themselves for Sport's dear sake, this event should prove very interesting. In some of the contests the handicaps were extremely well worked out, only a few seconds separating the winners on two successive days. The prizes offered by the Brooklands people for the race on Saturday are quite well worth winning, the first prize being a sum of £75 or a cup, and the second prize, £30 or a cup. The distance will be over an out-and-home course of ten miles, so that motorists driving into that part of Surrey on that day may witness some flying for their pains. It is remarkable that while aeroplanes can be brought so close together in handicapped events, the boot is quite on the other foot with regard to motor-car races of the same kind, in which, as a rule, the finishes are so straggling that the competitions lose all interest.

It is claimed for the Universal Safety Razor that "you can do everything with it that can be done with the finest old-fashioned razor—everything but one: you cannot cut yourself." It has an adjustable comb-shaped guard attached to the blade, and the principle on which it is based is the diagonal sliding draw cut of the scythe. The Universal Safety Razor is made by Messrs. Landers, Frary and Clark, of New Britain, Conn., U.S.A.

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